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Vol. CLXXXII No. 2384
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
SEPTEMBER 29 1945

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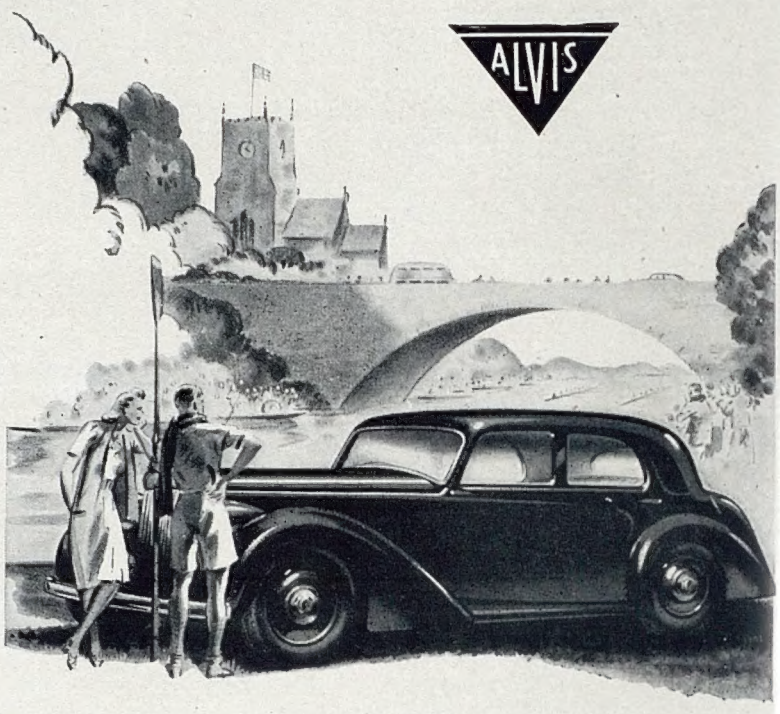

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Volume CLXXXII No. 2384 The SPHERE, London, September 29, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE SWIMMING TANKS WHICH OVERRAN THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE AFTER D-DAY: A CLOSELY-GUARDED WARTIME SECRET NOW REVEALED BY THE WAR OFFICE. This picture shows one of the D.D. (Duplex Drive) tanks coming ashore after the crossing of the Rhine

Planning for the re-entry of Europe began immediately after Dunkirk. Faced with the prospect of a major assault across the Channel, and the rivers which lay between the French coast and Berlin, it was realised that there was need for assault infantry to be supported in the earliest stages by fire from tanks. So the development of a swimming tank was put in hand; and the design adopted was known by the code letters D.D. (Duplex Drive). For seaborne assault operations, these tanks can be launched from landing craft, and swim through rough seas. In still water a speed of 4 or 5 knots can be achieved. For their protection the crew wear a modified form of Davis escape apparatus known as A.T.E.A. (Army Tank Escape Apparatus). D.D. swimming tanks led the assault on the Normandy beaches on D-Day—and came as a complete surprise to the enemy—and in operations in the Scheldt Estuary and the Rhine crossing, D.D. tanks again took the enemy by surprise. They were also used in the Elbe, and in the final operations in Italy (See *also page* 387)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Hard Peace?—A hard peace for the Japanese—that sounds fair enough. A hard peace for the Germans—that, too, is reasonably fair and certain; though already Humanity and common sense have clearly indicated that mercy and justice are one and indivisible. A hard peace for one ally at the hands of another or others? That does *not* ring true, and must not come true. Nor does it or should require the special pleading of Halifax and Keynes to argue the case for Britain. No American who was in Britain during the war, or sees Britain to-day with a discerning eye, can doubt that "comparatively speaking" Britain gave as much as she got (vast as that gift was) from America, and is to-day emptier in her larder and strong-box. And if mere material common sense argues that the peace for the barbarian aggressor enemies *must* be tempered with mercy and sympathy for their millions, guilty in the aggregate (as so many even democratic peoples have been) of criminal apathy, then the same material common sense argues that Shylock's bond is no right judgment between tried allies in such a war as that of 1939-45. If the question hinges on arguments well marshalled and argued, a hard peace between America and Britain must be an impossibility.

Our Relations with Russians.—I suppose nobody in 1944 expected that the relations of the Russian and Western Allied Armies of Occupation in Germany would work more smoothly than, on the whole, they have. We may have expected that we should have, at the top, been accorded rather more opportunity for consultation and co-operation in the early stages of the settlement of the "Eastern bloc" of Europe. But even optimists had no golden illusions concerning Anglo-Russian understanding and "all the cards on the table." The truth must be faced that the bulk of the Russian nation neither like nor understand Western democracy, and still read (incredible as it may sound) into our declared policies the threat of future aggression and ultimate danger to the peace and possessions of the Soviet Union. We know it is so. We know that the Russian nation was grieved and pained by the decision to lock up the secrets of the atomic bomb (although it will be an open secret five years hence). We see the truth in the very fact that the higher the level of intercommunication, the smoother and happier the relationship. Among opposite numbers of lower rank in the Occupation armies, relations are steadily deteriorating. The hopes of the larger European settlement stand or fall by the relationship between Russia and the democracies on the grander scale. Already, it must be admitted, the highest hopes, expressed when Churchill and Roosevelt were both in power, have faded. It is high time for another meeting between Truman, Stalin and Attlee.

Now is the Winter of Our Discontent.—The shadow of what, by common acceptance, may well be civilisation's worst-ever winter already falls over the weary earth. Look where you will, you see the menace lowering and darkening. In the States, the land least devastated by war, unemployment on the grand scale is already an urgent problem, and bitter industrial unrest already more than a possibility. If these things can be done in a green tree . . . ? We in England appear almost well off by comparison. For one thing, our new Government is in a very rare and advantageous position for a first post-war administration. It is assured of the temporary loyalty of the vast majority of the nation, including the most clamorous and powerful sections.

ONE OF THE RAREST SPECTACLES IN THE WORLD: MOUNT EVEREST, HIGHEST MOUNTAIN ON THE GLOBE, SEEN FROM *ABOVE*!—a picture taken during a flight in July 1945. As the majority of our readers know (the event was recorded in *The Sphere* in its issue of August 4, 1945), Mosquito and Spitfire reconnaissance aircraft of the R.A.F. have now flown right over the summit of Mount Everest. The formation was flying in the Himalayas in July last when heavy storm-clouds compelled them to alter course. As they emerged they found themselves within 3,000 yards of the mountain-top, highest point in the world. The aircraft were then flying at 32,000 ft.: Everest itself is 29,002 ft. The temperature outside the aircraft was seventeen degrees below zero; but within there was no icing of any kind. This picture of one of the Mosquitoes actually crossing the peak was taken from another plane just behind and above the first

How long it can rely on that general good will is another question which depends on miracles. But when we turn our eyes to the Continent of Europe, we must feel ashamed of giving a thought to our own immediate future needs. It has been coolly estimated that more than 18,000,000 dispossessed persons of enemy or enslaved races will be wandering over Europe homeless (in any sense of the term), without possessions, without hope, without employment, unwanted, unattended, and of these, within the next six months, 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 may die of privation—men, women and young children. Of the harvests of Europe, some have been adequate, many more have been bad. All have been decimated by the ravages of war and the lack of labour. Where there is abundance in or outside Europe, the means to move it are lacking. Well, I have often declared that in the matter of punishment for crimes, God is an expert and men mere amateurs—and what a hornets' nest these words brought round my head during the war years!

The Last and Hardest Lesson.—But this mass-tragedy is *not* "God's judgment," to be watched by men with awe and folded hands. If it were, it were an instance of God's bungling. For it hits the innocent with the guilty. We cannot turn our eyes away, cannot fold our hands. What can we *do* about it? No use as individuals to post a loaf a week to Europe. If the will be here in Britain, who is to organise our willing sacrifice? And how to attain to a nation-wide call for further sacrifice? Never before was the last and hardest lesson which mankind can learn so hard to learn. But there it is, clear to see, hardest to swallow: revenge and hate are boomerangs. They return to strike down the striker. We must behave as Christians, because, on the most worldly and material arguments, there is no other course now open to us if we would avoid total destruction of our civilisation. In our own lifetime we have been given the sharpest lessons ever given to mankind that the Christian ethic or (if you will) the trite nursery maxims are indeed essential wisdom, and "pay" in this world as in the next. *Now* we must give something more than lip service to these maxims.

Uncle Sam Haw-Haw and All.—The difference between "hearsay" and evidence proved in a British High Court is remarkably wide sometimes. Under our legal procedure the Truth emerges from the thickest fog and smoke-screens. Two years ago who was there who said or believed that Joyce was not a Briton and not a daily self-confessed traitor? No one. His "title," Lord Haw-Haw, could only attach to a Briton. No one doubted he was one. Now Mr. Justice Tucker has ruled that the evidence of his American nationality is overwhelming. The first two counts of the indictment vanished and Joyce remained to be tried on the last only, and that a count which obviously gave him a very fair chance of acquittal. He was condemned to die, but even now has two more bolt-holes of appeal. Well, I admire the integrity of British justice and would not have it otherwise. His case makes legal history, for it establishes an alien's duty of loyalty to the State which has afforded him a passport or other protection abroad. The Joyce trial in England is a high tribute to British notions of Justice. I prefer them to many Continental notions.

The Judgment is Set.—All over Europe the judgment is set and the books are open. In no year in the whole history of mankind have so many courts and commissions of first-rate importance been in session. Never surely before was "a right judgment in all things" a more urgent prayer and need. To punish the guilty without injury to the innocent—that is the ideal of justice and judgment, whether for an individual or for a nation. For Quisling, Paquis, Ribbentrop, the Butcher of Belsen; for Yugoslavia, Italy, Austria. Some of these individuals up for judgment come into court with "guilty" already branded on their foreheads. Others, like Ribbentrop, may prove hard to convict as worthy of death by *British* standards of Justice. But when nations come into court for judgment and the settlement of claims, post-war justice must quite inevitably be prejudiced. Open minds in judge and jury are fantastic ideals. Facts, statistics of population ratios; of language, of hereditary rights, are cited, but are inconclusive. Proven fact counts for little. The defendant's past record is already disclosed to the Bench, and is bound to affect his judgment. Thus, if Italy have statistically a rather better claim to Trieste, Italy stabbed the Allies while Yugoslavia was resisting aggression. Ribbentrop may hang or escape the rope—there is a risk of injustice to a single individual. But the verdict on frontiers affects nations, not individuals; not two nations only, not one generation of mankind alone. It is pregnant with the fate of Europe for generations. The verdict cannot depend on the guilt or innocence of contending parties, nor on the conduct of two nations yesterday; nor on statistics of race and language; nor on military or geographical features. No decision can hope for unanimous acceptance, no verdict can be reached on a basis of proven facts. But the attempt must be made, all over Europe and without long delay. The "right judgment" is a wild and desperate hope.

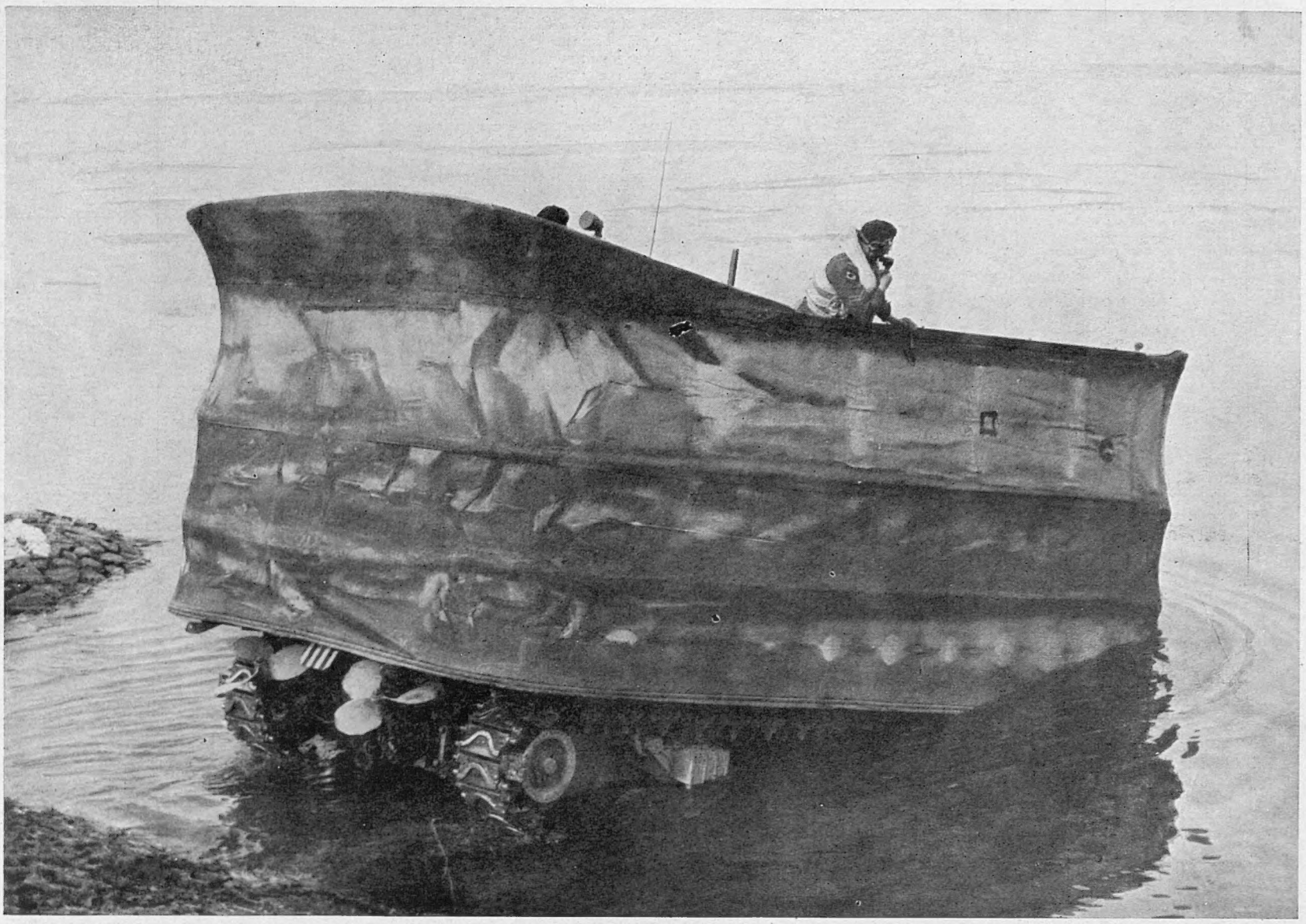
"You Pays Your Money"

. . . And you takes your choice of prophecies. Your evening paper tells you glad news: "Bananas, oranges, more petrol, hot-water bottles, all 'on the way.'" Next morning, your daily paper dashes your hopes. "Petrol rationing must be continued indefinitely and basic allowance probably reduced. Housing must be slowed down. Every item of food beyond the barest necessities for maintaining health will be eliminated. And the output of home-produced coal is still falling." In making your choice of these "facts" and prophecies, it may be useful to bear two things in mind: The political colour of your favourite newspaper may have some bearing on the nature and pessimism of the prophecies. And the almighty dollar may have some bearing on the sources from which imports are to be cut. Bananas, oranges, rubber and oil need, none of them, come here ex America now that the war is over. But we certainly cannot afford to-day to buy luxuries from those United States.

THE OLD STAGER

OLD VOLUMES OF "THE GRAPHIC"

During the blitz of 1940-41, much of the original material and records stored in the office vaults at St. Bride Street was destroyed. The Editor is now desirous of re-establishing his files: he would welcome offers of sale by readers of any bound volumes of THE GRAPHIC *they might possess and wish to dispose of. Offers should be addressed to The Editor,* THE SPHERE AND GRAPHIC, *Commonwealth House, No. 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.*



A SWIMMING TANK GLIDES INTO THE RHINE DURING THE ASSAULT ACROSS THE RIVER : At the back are seen the propellers which enable the tank to sail at four or five knots an hour. Completely surrounding the craft is the collapsible waterproof covering which enables it to float even in fairly rough seas

THE SWIMMING TANK

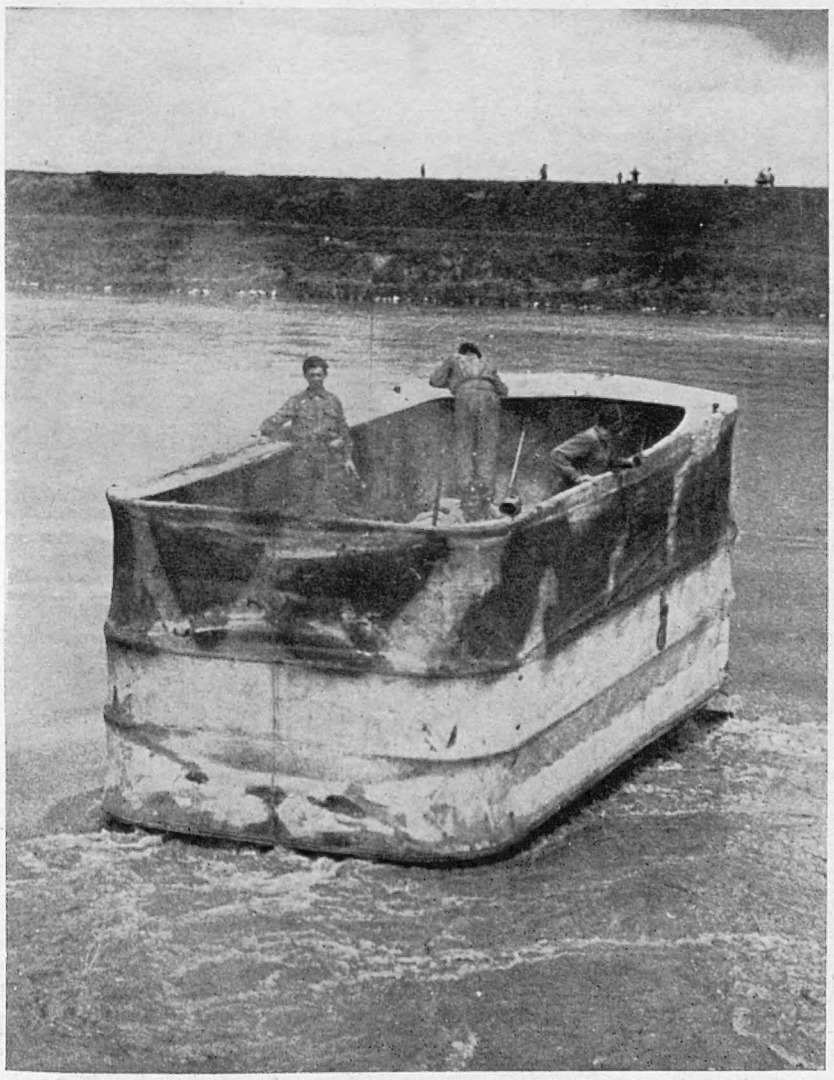
Pictures which Show its Collapsible Canvas Screen

The Duplex-Drive tank was officially born in 1941. The principle of flotation employed was remarkably simple. It consisted of a collapsible canvas screen fitted to the hull of a tank and raised or lowered at will. When erected, the screen completely surrounded that part of the tank above the tracks and, based on the principle of displacement, enabled the tank to float. At the touch of a lever, the screen collapsed, to lie like a skirt about the hull. Power came from propellers at the rear turned by the main driving shaft.

It was easy to operate and could go into action as a normal tank within a few seconds of its tracks touching dry ground and the driver lowering his canvas screen. It was extraordinarily seaworthy and quite capable of surviving all but the highest seas.

The greatest secrecy had been maintained throughout as to the very existence of these tanks. Production had been behind locked doors. When D-Day came, one regiment, the 13/18th Hussars, launching their tanks some 5,000 yards from the shore, brought in thirty-three out of their total of forty.

It had always been hoped that the D.D. device had been kept secret and that the Germans would take the tanks for nothing more than a fleet of small boats, probably containing infantry. Everything points to this having happened. The D.D. tank is, of course, very vulnerable to fire, which, if accurate, will sink it. On one beach, where infantry were meeting stiff opposition, the German defenders held up their hands the moment a number of these "monsters" emerged from the sea, shook off their skirts, and opened fire.



A SHERMAN TANK OF THE 4TH ARMOURED BRIGADE SWIMMING A RIVER : These tanks are able to crawl along a river-bed and plough through rough seas. Many of them were launched off the Normandy beaches on D-Day

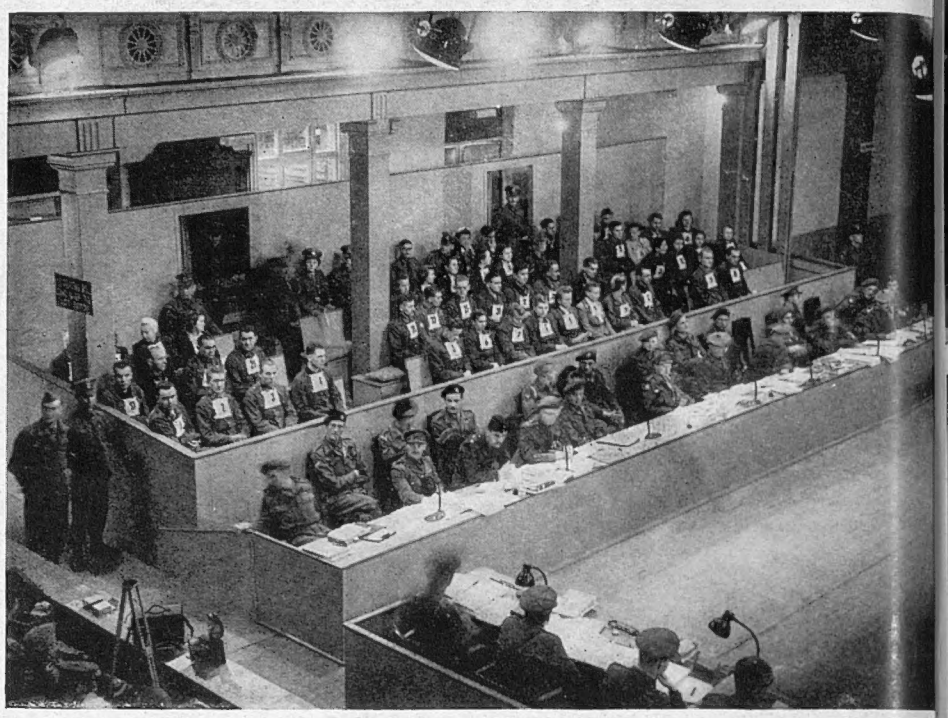
AFTER THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER ELBE : Sherman swimming tanks, with their canvas screens lowered, at Launberg. The twin propellers are still in place at the rear, but have been raised to avoid the ground

THE BELSEN TRIAL

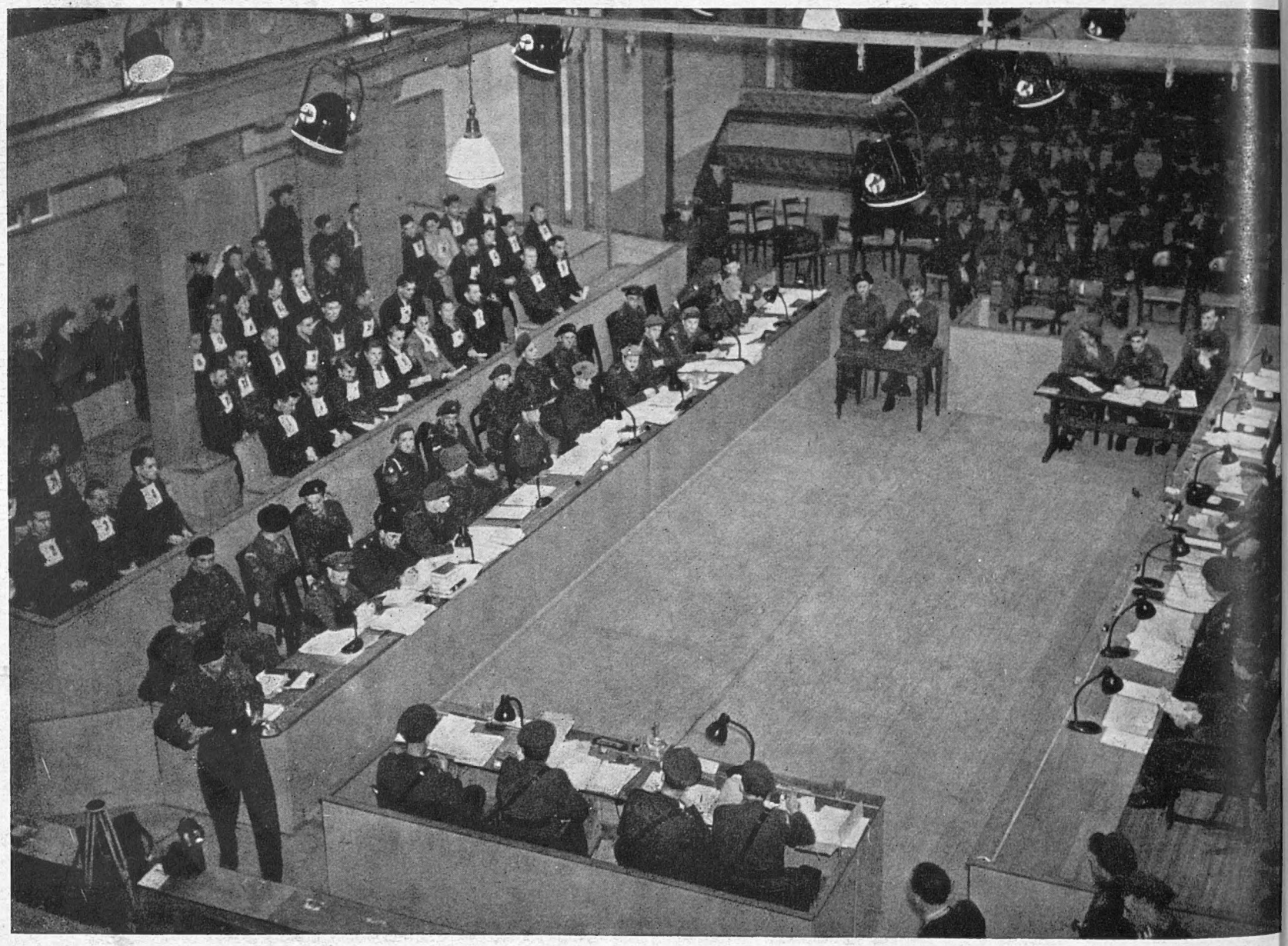
Scenes in the Court at Luneburg, where the Horror Camp Criminals have been Arraigned

The first of the War Criminal trials to be held in Germany began on September 17 at Luneburg, when Josef Kramer, "the Beast of Belsen," appeared in a specially-prepared Courtroom. With him were 44 other men and women; all are accused of the ill-treatment of Allied prisoners at the notorious concentration camps at Belsen and Auschwitz. At Belsen, it was stated at the opening of the trial, 13,000 corpses were found when the British entered, and another 13,000 died within six weeks after that

THE BRITISH PRESIDENT OF THE COURT, MAJOR-GENERAL H. P. H. BERNEY-FICKLIN, LISTENING TO THE INDICTMENT. He presides over a court of six officers: the Deputy Judge Advocate-General (Mr. C. L. Stirling) sits alongside him on the Bench. The President has stated that there would be no hold-up in the trial whatsoever

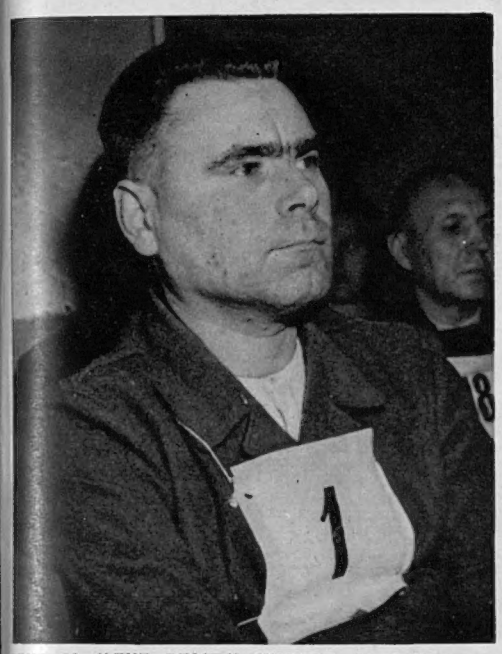


THE PRISONERS SEATED IN THE DOCK IN THE COURTHOUSE IN LUNEBURG: this is a converted military gymnasium. Josef Kramer, Commandant of the Belsen Camp, may be identified by his number (No. 1), and Irma Grese by hers (No. 9). Before the trial began a film record was taken. For the trial itself, the dock is floodlit



THE SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE TRIAL, FIRST OF THE GREAT WAR CRIMINAL TRIALS TO BE HELD IN GERMANY: The President is on the extreme right (with arms on table, fourth from the right corner). On his left and right are the other members of the Court. In the foreground, within a specially constructed box, are the four British officers who are acting as prosecutors. At the extreme left are the prisoners, each bearing a number: in front of them are the British officers who are conducting the defence. The witness-box is at the end of the Court, and behind are the seats for spectators

IRMA GREESE, NUMBER 9, ASSISTANT TO THE COMMANDANT AT BELSEN, SITS WITH OTHER GERMAN WOMEN IN THE DOCK. She came into the Court smartly dressed, with her hair carefully waved, and full of dignity. On her right is Herta Ehlert (Number 8), who fainted in Court. Number 10 is Ilse Lithe. At the back are seen other guards and wardens who once patrolled the notorious horror camp at Belsen and witnessed the daily deaths of its inmates

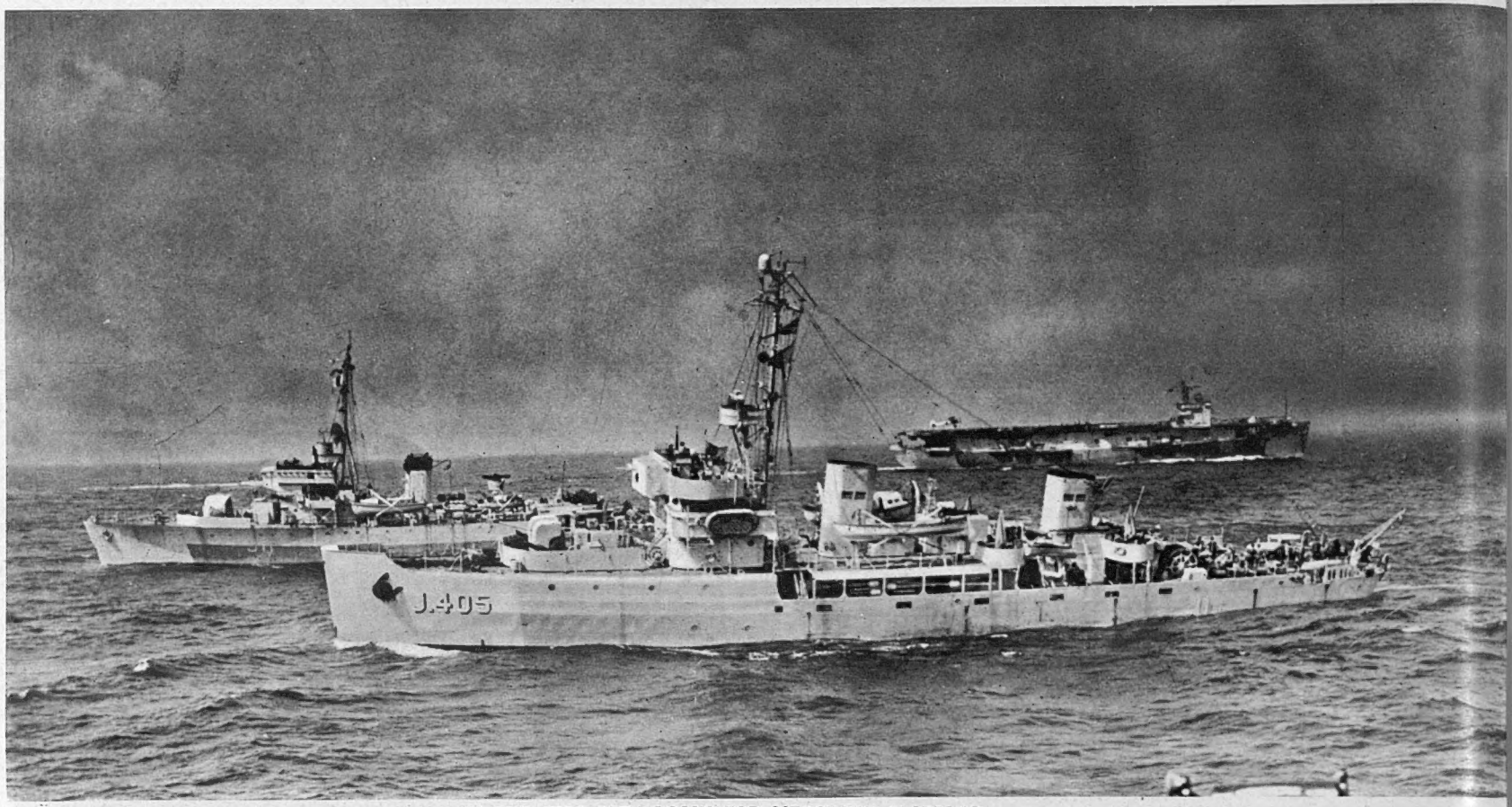


THIS IS "THE BEAST" HIMSELF—Josef Kramer, Commandant of Belsen—at the opening session of the Belsen Trial at Luneburg

THREE OF THE LEADING MALE PRISONERS: JOSEF KRAMER, DR. FRITZ KLEIN AND PETER WEINGARTNER: Klein is a Rumanian doctor and a member of the S.S. He is accused of wholesale killings and of the most inhuman "experiments" on the Belsen prisoners. Most of the men in the dock wear shabby S.S. uniforms, and each of the prisoners wears a numbered white cloth patch on his chest and back

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BENCH AT LUNEBURG: The judges face the prisoners directly across the floor of the courthouse. The witness-box is seen in the centre left of this picture, just in front of the spectators' seats

THE EXTERIOR OF THE COURTHOUSE AT LUNEBURG, a converted gymnasium in the old provincial German town: A number of German men and women have been chosen by ballot to be present at the trial: they represent towns and villages all over the Reich, so that the whole country may know of Germany's shame and degradation



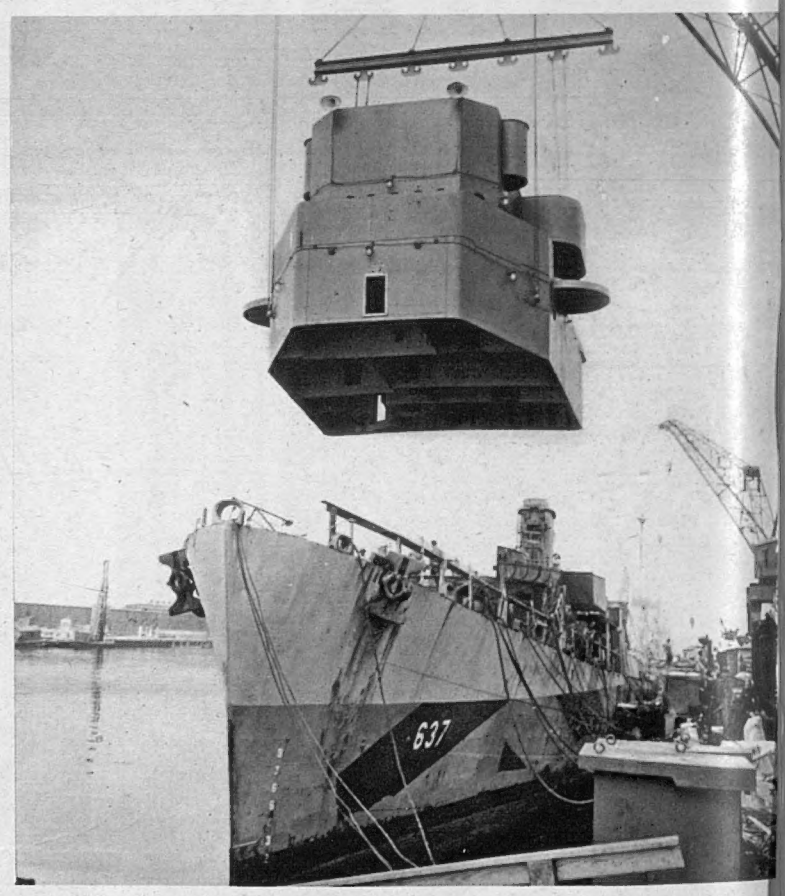
MINESWEEPERS ARE HARD AT WORK TO MAKE THE SEAS SAFE AGAIN FOR MERCHANT SHIPPING : A MIXED FLOTILLA OPERATING FROM THE NAVAL BASE, H.M.S. "LOCHINVAR," AT GRANTON, IN SCOTLAND. The ships are shown proceeding out to sea before opening out to their full sweeping distance

The NAVY CARRIES ON

Sweeping Up the Mines and Watching the Atlantic Airways

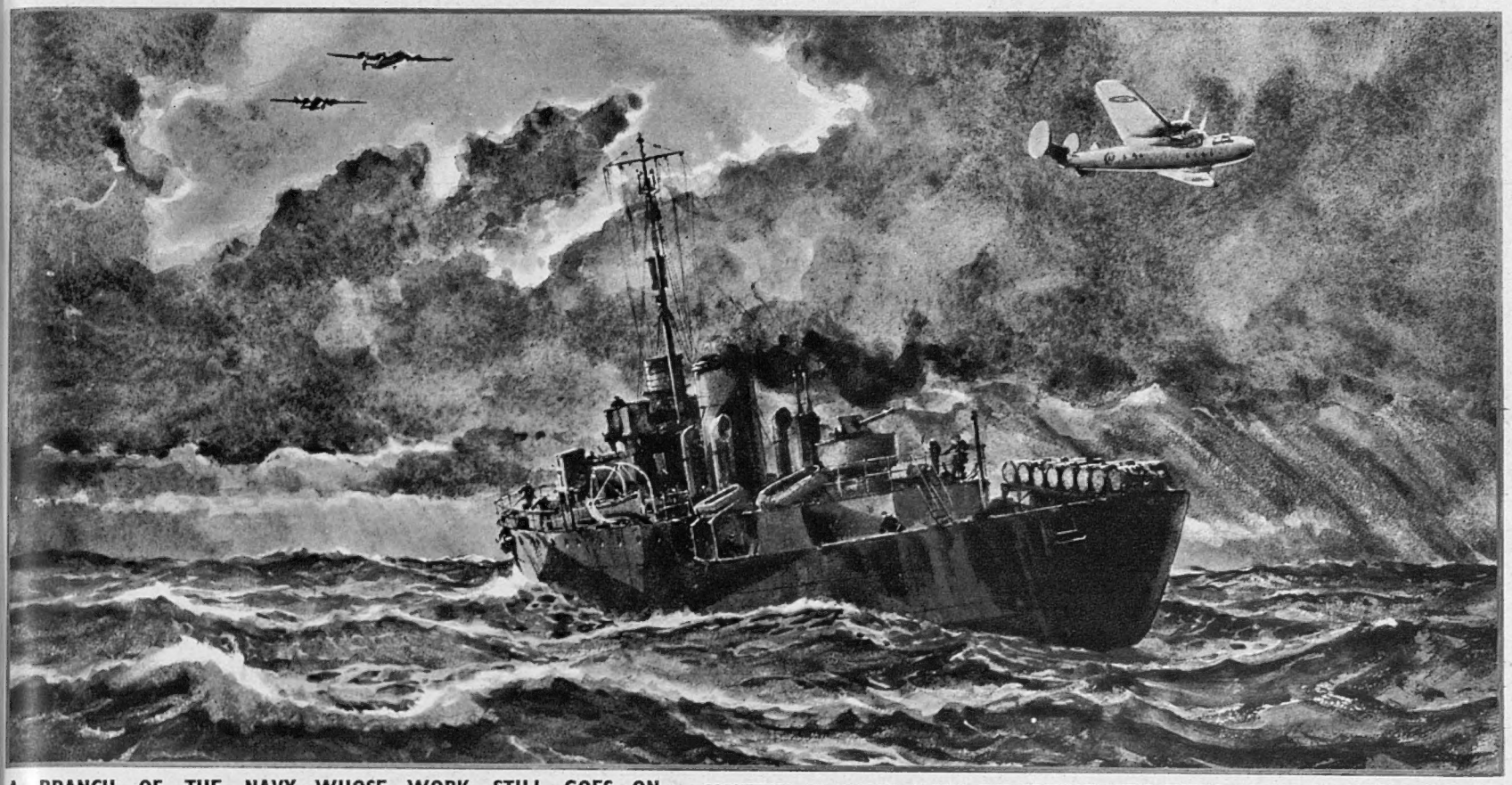
Now that the war is over, the minesweepers are as busy as ever, sweeping up the mines around Britain—to make the fairways safe for peacetime shipping. H.M.S. *Foam* is nearest to the camera in this picture with H.M.S. *Bramble* behind : in the distance is a British escort carrier

THE HUMAN MINESWEEPERS WHO PERFORMED ONE OF THE MOST PERILOUS JOBS OF THE WAR—that of making mines safe under water : These men must not be confused with the "frog-men" who swim under water to remove invasion obstacles—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (See note at right)



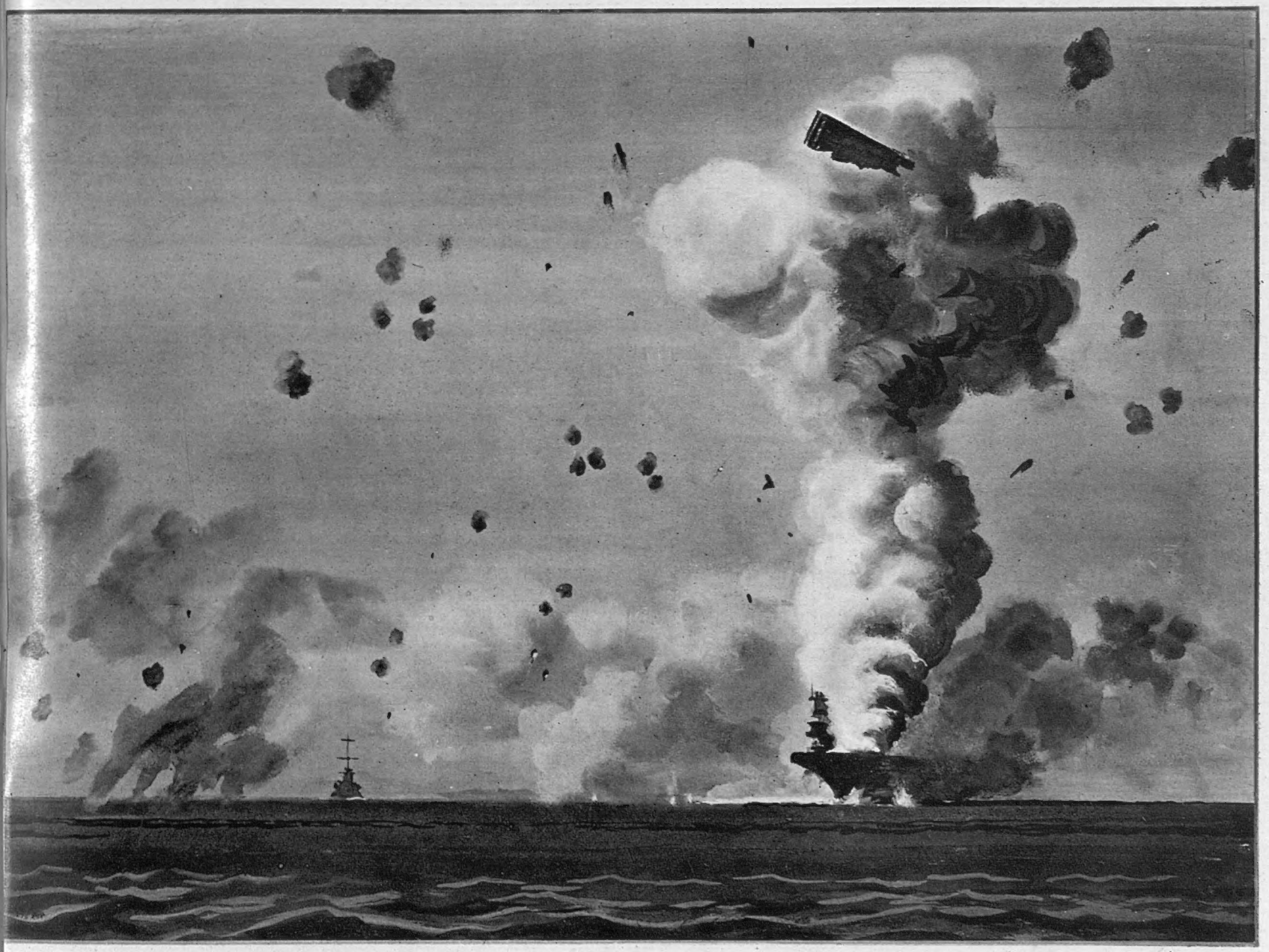
AFTER A KAMIKAZE, OR SUICIDE, ATTACK OFF OKINAWA : Hit by a Japanese suicide plane, the destroyer-escort *Bowers* was taken back to Philadelphia. Here she was fitted with a new superstructure as part of the repair job carried out at the Navy Yard. More than half her crew of 200 were either killed or injured in the attack

***On left*—"The Men from Mars," as they were known locally, trained at the little Devonshire fishing village of Brixham. Their work called not only for courage, but also skill of the highest order. Each man has to be not only an experienced diver, but a mine expert. In the drawing, they are wearing a self-contained type of diving gear, which requires no air pumps or tubes, the complete outfit being carried on the diver's back. The principle of the apparatus is that the wearer breathes the same air several times over, the carbonic acid being absorbed from the exhaled breath and the necessary amount of oxygen restored to it, rendering it pure oxygen. This type of dress can be used up to a depth of 25 fathoms for short periods. Note the absence of the stream of air bubbles usually seen with the ordinary type of diving-suit**



A BRANCH OF THE NAVY WHOSE WORK STILL GOES ON: CORVETTES ON GUARD ALONG THE TRANSATLANTIC FLYING ROUTES TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES, to keep watch over the hundreds of aircraft flying back to their home bases—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Though the actual fighting is finished, there are still many jobs for the Navy to do. The Air-Sea Rescue Service on the transatlantic air routes is only one of them, and is maintained by corvettes which remain in station for about a fortnight each. During the war, theirs was the job of escorting convoys. Now these handy little craft act almost as traffic police. The vessel shown in this drawing is one of the famous Flower class of 925 tons, a small vessel to withstand Atlantic weather. Seven points in the East Atlantic have been continually patrolled by these craft since before VE-Day. Two main transatlantic air routes are in use—Britain to Iceland and from Casablanca to the Azores



THE FORCE OF A SUICIDE EXPLOSION ON BOARD AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE FORWARD ELEVATOR FOR AIRCRAFT IS HURLED 400 FT. INTO THE AIR after a Jap plane had crashed on to the deck of the American carrier "Enterprise" in the Pacific—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Fourteen of the crew were killed and thirty-four were wounded as the result of this attack off Okinawa on May 14—but the carrier remained afloat, although her forward elevator went 400 ft. above the deck on a spire of erupting smoke and flames. The American Navy Department recently announced that in the Okinawa campaign alone, when Jap suicide-plane attacks were at their height, 30 American combatant ships were sunk and 223 damaged. Japanese planes destroyed by the Allies during the same period numbered 3,836

COUNTRIES that ESCAPED should HELP EUROPE MORE

The War-shattered Continent will Look for Aid this Winter Among the Unscathed Nations whose Liberties were Safeguarded by the Allied Victory

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IF half the forebodings turn out to be but half-true, this is going to be a memorable winter of misery, death and suffering on the Continent.

Mr. Lehman says roundly of the European countries on U.N.R.R.A.'s list—Greece, Yugoslavia, Italy, Albania, Czechoslovakia, Poland—that unless they get more assistance "they cannot survive the coming winter months." As U.N.R.R.A. threatens to stop before Christmas for lack of funds, and has helped only Greece in a decisive manner (one or two of the others hardly more than on paper), the outlook seems to tally with the swan-song of the U.S. Office of War Information which, just prior to closing down, foretold "appalling hunger for millions . . . starvation for many" and the lapsing of law and order over wide regions, due to privation.

Nor are the military backward in their reading of woe. While Field-Marshal Montgomery fears that millions may fall to disease, General Eisenhower sees the chief problem as one of keeping people from freezing to death.

But I will not harrow you unnecessarily, since you have probably read it all or heard it on the wireless. Likewise the mutual recriminations: how U.N.R.R.A. is arraigned as ineffective and weak at the top, full of plans and "functioning" and little else, a plaything of the military staffs and sabotaged by big interests, and retaliates by charging the military staffs with miserly and tragically misguided hoarding, while at the same time pointing to its effort-absorbing work in relation to "Displaced Persons."

As autumn unfolds, the real Big Four in the minds of tens of millions of Europeans look like being Coal, Lorries, Food and Clothing, and opinion grows that none of them are likely to be forthcoming in time and in sufficient quantities, and that the best thing to hope for, really, is that the winter may not be a hard one. Should the contrary befall, then the worst forebodings may be realised, in which case two nations will come in for more criticism than the rest of the world combined.

The reason being that the United States and the British Commonwealth are expected by the rest of the world to do nine-tenths of all relief work, and I am just wondering if it isn't time to question matters.

It may be so that the United States are, relatively and figuratively, flowing with milk and honey, and able to find the ships to send three of winter's Big Four to Europe, while leaving the fourth—lorries—on this side of the ocean for the use of immobilised, hard-hit communities. Doubtless the Americans could do all this without feeling the pinch, did they choose to reconcile it with the ethics of their economy. No less obviously, the United Kingdom cannot sustain its present volume of aid to Europe without impairing still further its own chances of recovery, to say nothing of the vitality of its people; nor ought it to be expected to do so until every avenue of other possible assistance has been re-explored.

In addition to the constant aid to Europe that has gone forward from both countries under Lease-Lend, supplemented by succour to the liberated and ex-enemy lands given by the British and U.S. armies of occupation, and first-aid like the recent bestowal of £37,000,000 of American military stocks and the consignment from the U.K. of a heavy tonnage of margarine, meat and milk, in addition to these forms of assistance, the United States and Britain subscribed £417,000,000 of the grand total of £500,000,000 placed at the disposal of U.N.R.R.A. by all contributing Governments of the United Nations.

All other countries, and among them the potentially or actually richest in the world, per head of population, subscribed only £83,000,000 between them. They give in the proportion of 1 per cent. of their national budgets, and that is what they gave; and they will presumably perform the same money minuet should U.N.R.R.A. have the luck to see its coffers replenished before Christmas (what a justified Christmas-box could materialise from a world flag-day for U.N.R.R.A., the last).

I repeat, therefore, that, however strong the humanitarian appeal, no fresh demands as regards food or clothing should be made on the people of Southern Britain in particular before it has been flatly established whether those countries that escaped the war, and one or two others that did not, are pulling their full weight in the boat of European help and reconstruction.

To deal firstly with the two ex-belligerents I have in mind, the U.S.S.R. and Czechoslovakia.

The Russians claim £175,000,000 help from U.N.R.R.A. and want reparations from Italians and others. I don't know what Moscow's money minuet to U.N.R.R.A. has been, but there is ample proof that by living on the country in Germany and Austria, and "swiping" everything it takes a fancy to, the Red Army is contributing to Europe's terrible winter, while the Soviet policy of herding millions of Germans westward is doing rather more. If mighty Russia, with Siberian spring behind it, land of timeless riches, cannot produce fatter cheques-in-aid, must it do these other things, no matter how strong the political urge?

Even the Russians are being hit by the New Poland's wholesale creation of misery by its pushing of millions of ravenous Germans westward—and Poland also expects U.N.R.R.A.'s help.

The inclusion of Czechoslovakia may surprise, a country on U.N.R.R.A.'s list. But it is like this: alone among the liberated lands, Czechoslovakia had the rare good fortune to get through in fairly whole condition, with the result that it is said to be making the quickest economic recovery. I don't know what the Skoda arms works have been switched to, but if Bata's of Zlin, Europe's largest boot-and-shoe factory, is really beating pre-war output—I once watched the complete process, from an animal going in at one end and someone walking out at the other wearing part of the deceased beast on their feet—if this output is really the case, why cannot the Czechs make footwear available to millions of Hitler victims shuffling about on the next thing to rag-bags? Why can't this be their extra contribution to Ease-Mend?

Turning to the countries that escaped the war, this notion that they should help more is not a home-nurtured one. There have been some biting references to it in Continental papers, while I cannot refrain from including this piece of fan-mail from farther afield:

"The reconstruction of devastated Europe will be a fantastic task. We are all broke, as we were after World War I, only more this time. Now why shouldn't the neutrals share in the expenses? In 25 years most of them (except Holland) have twice made billions (not millions) of profits without the slightest risk. Eighty per cent. at least of these profits were made in furnishing merchandise to the Germans. After World War I, I happened to meet a big Spanish business-man who told me that Spain had made a clear profit of 14 billion pesetas out of the war!

"Now, supposing the Allied Nations had lost this second war? In that case there would have been no more neutrals, and in any case they would have had to pay and would have lost their liberty. We fought for the liberty of the neutrals in fighting for our own, so why shouldn't they help to rebuild our countries? Of course, we all know that some of these neutrals took refugees and sent parcels to our starved people, but that was mostly for propaganda purposes and, anyway, was but a drop of water in the ocean of profits they made. It doesn't seem fair to me that *we* should have all the losses and *they* all the profits. They have all their industries going full blast, ready to compete in every market with our own goods."

This is from a Belgian colonial, and whatever may be excessive about it, the last line (minus the "full blast") makes one think, as I hope it may make some ex-neutrals think again, where the cap fits. Those that worked full blast for the Nazis turned out some stuff that is far more wanted now than ever it was to gorge the Germans. The Swiss produced a five-year spate of milk products, chocolate, fruit and other preserves, and cattle. They became a national car park for repairing motor transport, and made great quantities of farm implements, some locomotives, and a lot of dyes and chemicals, silk and cotton goods. We know what humanitarian work the Swiss did. But can't they do a spot more now, considering their banks are full of Nazi funds that should be spent precisely on the aid Europe almost dumbly awaits, and that 50,000 Americans are heading the Tourists' Return to Switzerland?

Eire, with sterling assets honourably swelled to £400,000,000 by sending her sons and produce to Britain during the war, awaits ships in order to send food and clothing worth £2,000,000 to the Continent, thereby fulfilling its promise. As Eire has had a bumper harvest, it's a pity it can't get more ships than are needed to send £2,000,000 worth.

Foreign Minister Unden says that Sweden has reason to be deeply grateful to the nations that won. "We prefer not to think of the fate which would have become ours had the aggressors won, and our heads swim at the idea of how near annihilation we have been." That's the spirit, but is it the spirit to take up shipping-space importing 67,000 bottles of whisky into the best drinking and feeding land in Europe, and to ship 7,000 tons of newsprint to the land that is pulping its trees to make 100-page daily newspapers when there are peoples that saved Sweden, injuring their eyesight trying to follow events from Tom Thumb newspapers?

Now, then, immune, rich Swedes! Instead of taking a second off the mile, how about adding another one to that U.N.R.R.A. 1 per cent.?

Franco Spain sent a five-year spate of fruit, oil and wine to the Nazis, and much textiles. Catalan textiles are being restarted to go to France, which is something. But Spanish industry and public utilities are being increasingly "looked after" by Americans, which, taken beside Spain's peseta gains from World War II, suggests that here is another avenue duly explored and found wanting. We know life in Spain is either very, very poor or very, very rich, but the fact that Franco has failed to feed the bulk of Spaniards need not blind us as to how his spared regime can contribute to the common pool of help.

Fats, oil, meat and sugar are most wanted of the foods, and the immune, rich Argentine could help with at least two of them *and* step-up its, in the circumstances, quite inadequate U.N.R.R.A. contribution if the short-sighted rigidity limiting all nations to the same budget percentage were loosened up. That U.N.R.R.A. inevitably aids "ex"-Fascists and Nazis too, should appeal to some haciendas.

Even Turkey could help with figs, dates and cigarettes, and Portugal with wine, fruit, sardines and oil. Of course, they all plead "no transport," but is that just a screen? Are they ready to give? Lisbon, at least, must have "cleaned up" on being Western Europe's sole "window" for so long. As far as I can determine, the Danes are about the only ones who give genuine signs of wanting to do more, and masses of meat that people could now be eating in Britain, France and Belgium stays in sated Denmark for lack of ships, although two months' notice was given, and ships are cruising about empty and half-filled, and are even moored as military store-vessels!

If the Continent suffers fearfully this coming winter, I trust I've done a tiny bit in advance to remove some of all the blame that others will put on Britain and the United States.

U.N.R.R.A. IN GREECE TO-DAY

A textile mill in Patras that had been idle throughout the German occupation is now working again, using raw cotton brought into Greece from Egypt by U.N.R.R.A.

Two old men of a mountain village mournfully inspect the corn which will not repay them for the seed. Drought is the cause of the crop failure, which threatens famine. They will be relieved by U.N.R.R.A.

At one of the several recently-opened clinics in Patras, an English nursing sister (on right) tends sick children while supervising the work of Greek girls in training

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SPOT WHERE THE ATOMIC BOMB LAUNCHED AGAINST NAGASAKI FELL ON AUGUST 9: A narrow path winds through the masses of debris which represent all that now remains of the houses and buildings which formerly covered the site. The two shacks in the foreground have been constructed from pieces of tin picked up in the ruins. Not a single building has survived the cataclysm

NAGASAKI FROM THE GROUND-LEVEL

First Pictures Showing the Devastation Caused by the Atomic Bomb

Nagasaki, on the island of Kyushu, was a city of 250,000 people. It was an important port, a major ship-building and repair centre, and the chief supply base for Japan's Manchurian Army. On August 9 the second atomic bomb to fall on Japan was dropped from an American aircraft—and the city ceased to exist.

The pictures reproduced on this page were taken, from the ground, by an American photographer a month later—after the Japanese surrender: he was with the first Allied group to enter the devastated area.

The single bomb which destroyed Nagasaki floated to earth supported by three parachutes: it exploded 1,500 ft. up in the air above the heart of the manufacturing district. It destroyed practically everything over a 4-mile area. Witnesses said that first there was a large flash, followed by the explosion. Then they saw waves of air which looked "like a pool of water after a pebble had been dropped into it." The Mitsubishi Steel Works, situated a mile away from the scene of the blast, was flattened completely, leaving only twisted steel skeletons.

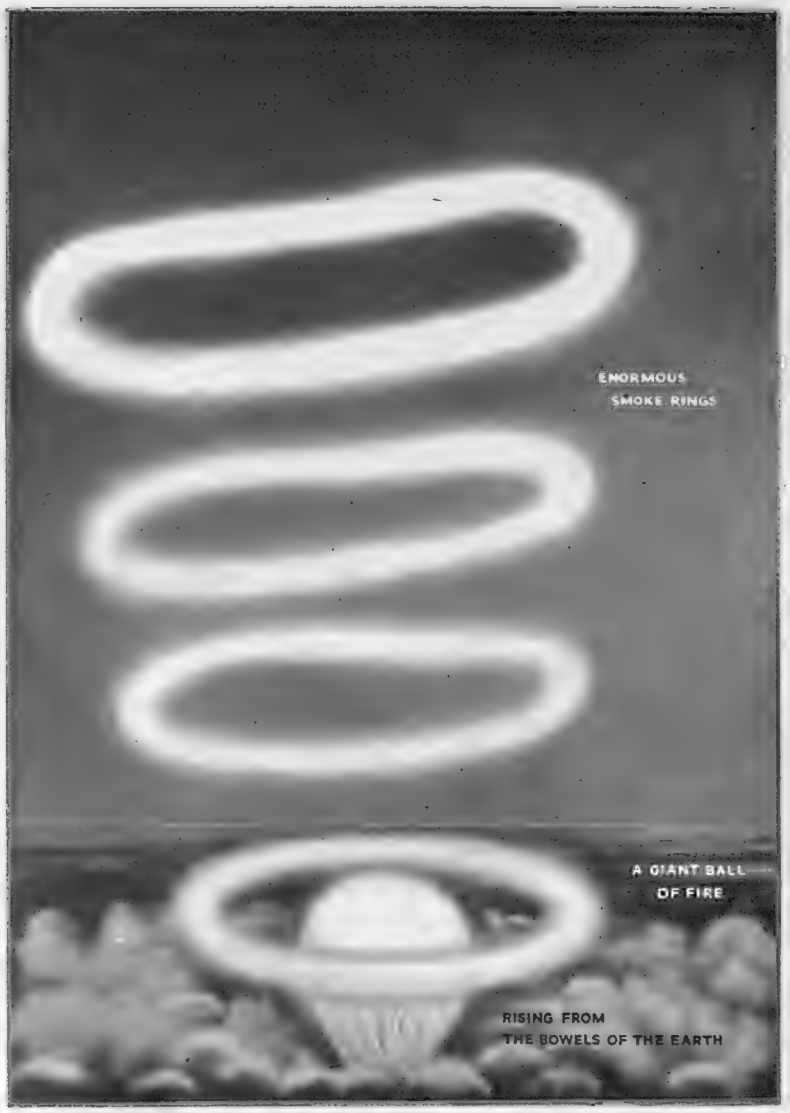
It is estimated that 18,000 buildings were disintegrated, 26,000 people killed, 40,000 wounded, with ten to twenty of the wounded dying daily later.

(*For a complete picture sequence of the Nagasaki explosion, see following pages*)

THE SIDE OF THIS HILL WAS ONCE COVERED WITH HOUSES: All that now remain are the stairs which led up to the buildings—and an occasional tree-trunk. The area shown here lies outside the central blast area

A JAP SOLDIER INSPECTS THE MASS OF RUBBLE and tries to find some material worth salvaging: The remains of the cart on which he is seated is the only identifiable object within the whole area

THE CENTRE OF THE DEVASTATED AREA AT NAGASAKI: Debris has been swept aside at this place to allow the passage of traffic. On each side of the path twisted metal, rubbish and gnarled tree-stumps fill the area



I — A GIANT BALL OF FIRE RISES, "as though from the bowels of the earth," belching forth enormous white smoke-rings: This was accompanied by great blasts in rapid succession, each resounding like the boom of cannon-fire

II — THEN CAME A GIANT PILLAR OF PURPLE FIRE, 10,000 FT. HIGH, WHICH SHOT SKYWARDS AT ENORMOUS SPEED: "It was no longer smoke or dust or even a cloud of fire; it was a living thing, a new species of being, born right before our incredulous eyes"

The ATOM BOMB

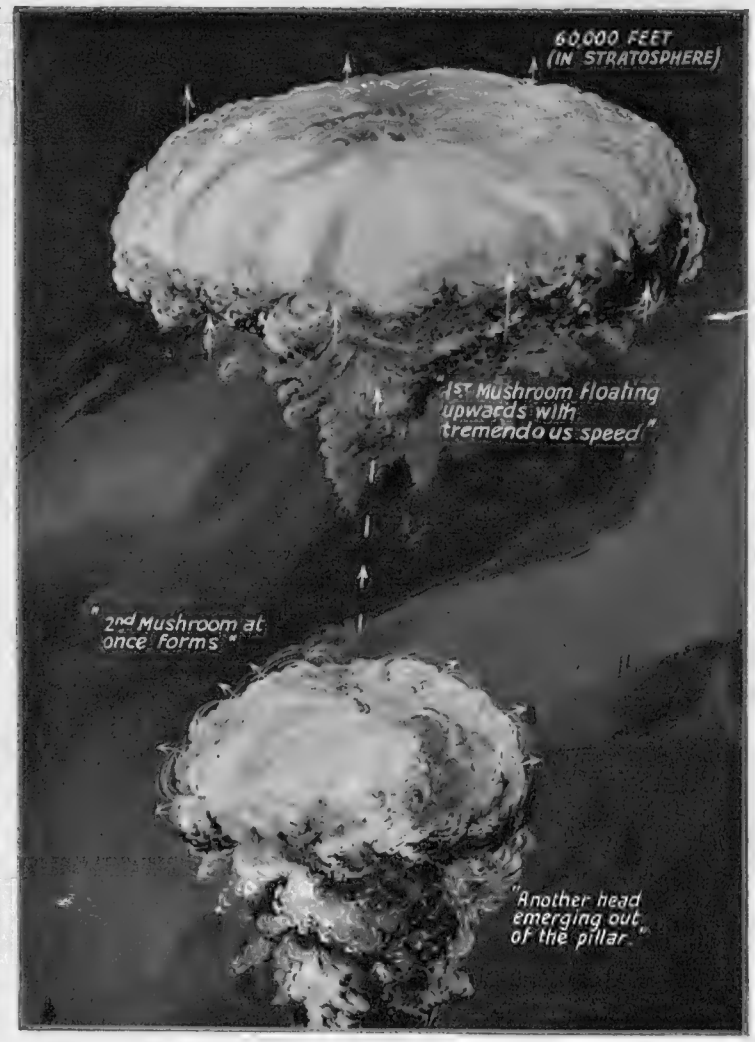
A Complete Sequence, Showing the Effect of the Cataclysmic Explosion

—Compiled from the First Scientific Report of What Happened at Nagasaki

The six special drawings reproduced here have been made from the account by William A. Lawrence, science writer for the *New York Times* and a Nobel prizewinner. He flew in one of the three Super-Fortresses to Nagasaki and witnessed the explosion from start to finish. Extracts from his report—the first account published — are given in the box on the facing page

On left—IV—THE GIANT MUSHROOM at the top of the great pillar, which increased the latter's height to a total of 45,000 ft. It seethed and boiled in a white fury of creamy foam, sizzling upwards and then descending earthward

On right—V—THE FIRST "MUSHROOM" THEN FLOATED UPWARDS WITH TREMENDOUS SPEED, its momentum carrying it into the stratosphere to a height of 60,000 ft. But immediately another mushroom, smaller in size, began to emerge out of the pillar. The upper mushroom, rose-coloured inside, was still visible at a distance of 200 miles away



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THOUSANDS OF GERMANS ARE TURNED OUT OF THEIR HOMES on the Eastern frontiers of Europe—and now face starvation : Owing to the displacement of millions of former residents of Poland and Czechoslovakia—all Germans—who have been compelled to evacuate their homes, hundreds of thousands of refugees from these territories have arrived in Berlin. Most of them have been forced to leave again, as there is insufficient food and shelter for them. A chaotic condition has resulted, the problem being apparently insoluble as long as the German refugees arrive without supervision

HOW THE HOMELESS GERMANS LIVE AND TRAVEL within their own country : This curious caravan consists of German families and ex-soldiers of the Wehrmacht who have been on the roads since May 1944; travelling they know not where, living and sleeping in weird tents on wheels. Bad as it is, however, there is no machine-gunning and no whipping of the women and children as the Nazis did in 1940. We remember well the pictures of French, Belgian, Polish, Russian refugees on the roads and how mercilessly they were treated by the Germans during that tragic year

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN—driven out from Poland and Czechoslovakia : This map shows how they are being herded out of the countries which no longer want them. Up till the time of the Potsdam Declaration by the Big Three, issued on August 3, Poland and Czechoslovakia were earnestly engaged in ridding their countries of unwanted German citizens. They were thrusting them across their frontier, not merely without regard to the sufferings of women and children, but also without consideration of the chaos that ensued for the Allied Powers in Germany, faced with a daily influx of thousands of unwanted people. The Poles have determined to clear all their newly-acquired territory on their western frontier of the 8,000,000 Germans in Pomerania and Silesia who had resided there for generations before the war. In Czechoslovakia a German Anti-Fascist Commission has been given authority to issue cards to those who have a right to remain in the country

Above—**WHERE THE NEW WEALTH OF CANADA HAS BEEN FOUND : A view of the Eldorado Mine at La Bine Point, on the shore of the Great Bear Lake, close to the Arctic Circle.** *On left*—**A map showing the pitchblende ore area, whence come the supplies of uranium for the atom bombs.** The uranium which played so important a part in the making of the atomic bomb comes, in large part, from the mine at Great Bear Lake, which lies close to the Arctic Circle in the North-West Territories of Canada. Uranium is one of the rarer metals. A year or two before the war, pitchblende was discovered at Great Bear Lake, in Canada. It was a Canadian prospector, Gilbert La Bine, who discovered the existence of the ore on the shores of the lake. The site of the Eldorado Radium Mine is La Bine Point. The nearest railway station, Waterways, on the Athabaska River, is 1,500 miles distant. There are three ways by which the mine can be reached : by aeroplane, by boat or canoe during the short, open season in summer, and in winter by dog-team. It is the aeroplane that has enabled the mine to be started and successfully worked. It has conveyed the engineers and men to the site

C

THE VAST BASE IN THE PHILIPPINES FROM WHICH THE AMERICANS WOULD HAVE LAUNCHED THE INVASION OF JAPAN: This is a port on the island of Luzon which was originally intended to serve as a supply base for the invading American armies. Since the Japanese surrender it has been used as a concentration point for troops and equipment for the Occupation forces landed to garrison the enemy's homeland. Note, in the background, the great port where merchantmen and warships lie

BASES in the PACIFIC

From which the Invasion of Japan would have been Launched

Had not the Japs decided to surrender when they did, the whole might of the Allies—and especially America—would have been directed towards invasion. Here are new pictures of the two bases which would have taken the greatest share in the enterprise—Luzon and Guam. At both, and in the other 400 bases in the Pacific area, stores and men were piling up ready for the operation which the Jap surrender made unnecessary

On left—**THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO, WHERE THE EMPEROR SUFFERED THE BOMBINGS BY ALLIED AIR FLEETS.** Some of the buildings lie in ruins: that part of the Palace still standing houses the imperial suite and, probably, the Emperor himself. The picture was taken by a low-flying aircraft flown from one of the carriers of the U.S. Third Fleet. Beyond the trees stretches the City of Tokyo

THE GREATLY EXPANDED NAVAL BASE ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM: THIS IS ONE OF NINE MAJOR BASES IN THE PACIFIC WHICH THE UNITED STATES PROPOSE TO MAINTAIN IN THE FUTURE. In the harbour at the top of the picture ride hundreds of warships and merchantmen which would have participated in the assault on Japan. On the ground are the depots and hutments housing the personnel of this great centre administered by Admiral Nimitz

During the last months of the Japanese war, the U.S. Navy had constructed what amounts to an "Island Empire" in the Pacific—a domain consisting of more than 400 bases, ready for the invasion of the Japanese homeland. Chief amongst them were Luzon and Guam: on the latter island, only wrested back from the Japs a comparatively short while ago, Admiral Nimitz had made his Advanced Headquarters. In the view above, Apra Harbour is seen at the top of the picture, crowded with ships bearing fighting men and equipment. At the left is the Orote airstrip, widened and lengthened. Guam is now to be held by the Americans as a permanent peace-time base

On left—**CINPAC (=Commander in Chief, Naval Forces in Pacific) HEADQUARTERS ON GUAM. THIS IS THE NERVE CENTRE OF THE WHOLE ISLAND. Admiral Nimitz resided in the house inside the looped road at the upper right centre**

THE FIRST PICTURE OF SHANGHAI FROM THE AIR SINCE THE RETURN OF THE BRITISH: The Bund stretches along the Whang-pu River on the left of the view. In the river itself, small ships and junks lie at anchor: beyond is the sprawling bulk of the city, crowded with hundreds of thousands of Chinese now liberated from the Japanese yoke

SHANGHAI and SINGAPORE ARE FREE AGAIN

Special "Sphere" Drawings of the Two Great Centres in the Far East

Below—**SINGAPORE IS ONCE MORE IN BRITISH HANDS: A VIEW WHICH SHOWS THE ISLAND, THE FAMOUS CAUSEWAY INTO JOHORE STATE, THE NAVAL BASE AT SELETAR, and other prominent features of this key-point in the East.** The former Jap garrison and naval personnel have been sent out into the jungle beyond the island, and the whole area is now being made ready for its complete return to British administration

—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

On right—The great international port and mart of Shanghai is at last freed from the throttling grip of the Japanese, and once again the ships of commerce will move into the wide estuary of the Yangtse and up the Whang-pu tributary to Shanghai itself. The façade of the great Bund, a succession of palatial buildings facing the stream, is still there, waiting for the life-blood of commerce to flow once more into the city. From the towering line of office buildings, banks, settlements—British, French and American—there is a busy district also with numerous Western buildings, docks, quays and shipbuilding yards. This area, known as Putung, supplements the activities of the financial and commercial Bund, and together form what the world knows as Shanghai

THE LIBERATION OF SHANGHAI: THE SCENE OFF THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS WHICH, SINCE 1842, HAVE GROWN INTO ONE OF THE BIGGEST CITY-PORTS IN THE EAST AND WHERE THE BRITISH FLAG AGAIN FLOATS OVER THE HISTORIC BUND. In the Whang-pu River, where Chinese junks crowd the waterways, a British Tribal-class destroyer edges her way in to anchor along the waterfront—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The official surrender of the Japanese forces in South-East Asia took place at Singapore on September 12, and once again the Union Jack is flying over the city. British and Indian troops had landed a week before, arriving at Keppel Harbour in assault boats, from the convoy lying out at sea. The situation at first was rather strange, as there were far more Japanese soldiers visible than Allied troops. There were 50,000 Japanese on the island, which had nominally surrendered but were still armed. They were undoubtedly nervous of the populace, by whom they were hated. The naval base and the ships lying there were surrendered to the Royal Navy, the naval commander refusing to hand over to the Military. Everything was found in good order, nothing had been destroyed; but only one enemy warship was found in seaworthy condition. Singapore is no longer referred to as a great naval *fortress*, but merely as a naval base, where the greatest warships could be repaired. Any idea of its fortress character was lost at the quick surrender to the enemy in February 1942—when the great guns were never used. One of the first objects of the Allies on landing was to see to the welfare of the prisoners of war, who had endured untold suffering from the hands of their Japanese gaolers for three-and-a-half years. Doctors and nurses, clothing and all kinds of comforts had been brought to aid the prisoners back to health. Much of their misery had been due to lack of sufficient food, and they already showed signs of improvement from the fresh meat, sugar, fish and cheese which had been supplied after the Emperor's surrender

***On right*—HOW THE JAPS ON LUZON WERE TOLD OF THE SURRENDER by streamers let down on balloons—** *Drawing by Roland Davies*

A new method of informing the Japs still holding out in the Sierre Madre Mountains in the Philippines that the Jap Government had accepted unconditional surrender was tried recently by the Intelligence Department of the U.S. 38th Division in Luzon and proved a big success. The streamer, attached to three balloons, was sent over the Jap lines, and observation planes reported that many Japs came out of hiding with white flags of surrender after the balloons had passed overhead. The usual method was to fire surrender leaflets in artillery shells

OUT ON THE WIDE STEPPE COUNTRY OF MONGOLIA, WHERE THE RUSSIANS MADE THEIR SWEEPING ADVANCES AGAINST THE JAPS IN THE CLOSING STAGES OF THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST: A Mongol chief encounters a couple of Buriats, or Russianised Mongols from the west, in front of an *obo*, or local stone-built shrine—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (See note at left)

ON THE EASTERN FRONTIERS OF THE U.S.S.R.

Where the Russians and Mongolians Meet

Inner Mongolia presents itself on the map as a long, narrow buffer-State between Siberian Russia and the Chinese provinces of Shansi and Kansu. It has been enjoying, more or less, an autonomous existence for some time under local chieftains who have controlled the caravan highways to Peking and Mukden, with the Soviet-controlled Outer Mongolian regime to the northward, and the authority of the Chinese *ambans* stretching along the southern frontier. The term is justified, for the boundary to the south is formed for hundreds of miles by the Great Wall of China. The Hwangho, or Yellow River, forms part of the eastern boundary skirting this. The camel caravans make for Kalgan and Peking. Over the wide steppes the local chiefs exercise control within their particular areas. At first sight, their life might seem primitive; but in many ways it is full of picturesque detail. Here a chieftain is interviewing a couple of wandering Buriats, Russianised Mongols from the west, who travel far. In the background is an *obo*, a stone-built shrine with prayer ribbons attached

A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE IN THE PHILIPPINES: Six high-ranking Japanese generals and admirals, who surrendered at Cebu, are here seen in the Bilibid prison camp near Manila. Whilst awaiting Allied orders, they pass their time in cramped quarters reading American magazines. Included in this picture are Lieut.-General Shinpei Fukuei; Major-General Takeo Manjome; Rear-Admiral Kuku Harada; Major-General Tadasu Kataçka; Major-General Iesmu Hirai and Major-General Masuo Yoshiki

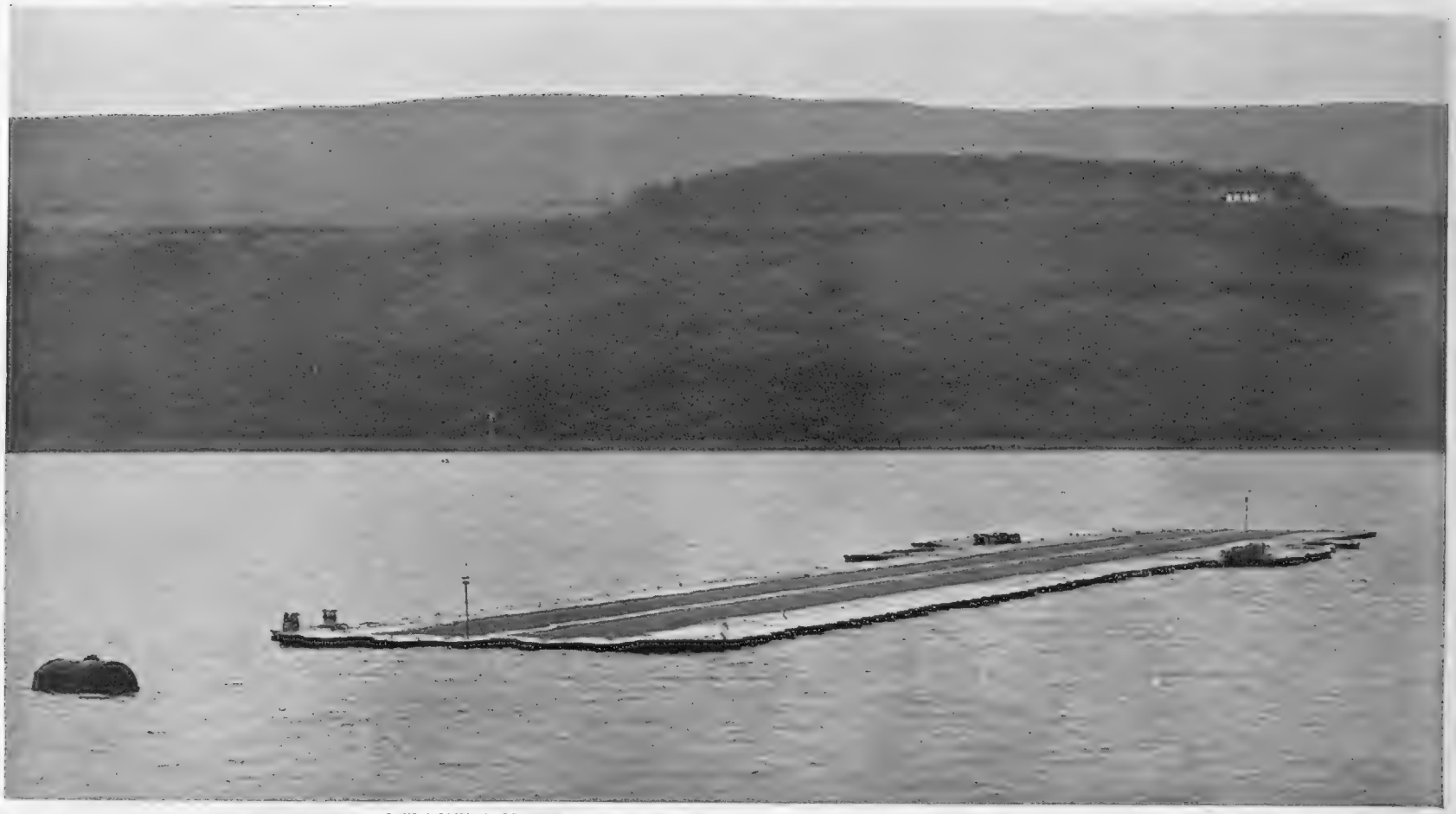
THE TAMING OF "THE TIGER OF MALAYA": The gates of Bilibid Prison have just closed behind General Tomoyuki Yamashita, Commander-in-Chief of all the Jap forces in the Philippines and conqueror of Singapore, and a great boaster. He had just signed the surrender documents. His once-powerful forces on Luzon had dwindled to a few thousands at the time of his surrender

THREE PICTURES OF JAPANESE ATROCITIES

THESE THREE DISTRESSING PHOTOGRAPHS HAVE REACHED ENGLAND BY RADIO FROM COLOMBO : They show one of the inhuman practices of the Japs against Sikh prisoners of war. The soldiers have been blindfolded, and a "bull's-eye" has been pinned over the heart of each. They were then used as human targets for shooting practice. If not shot dead, each prisoner was afterwards bayoneted by the Japs. It is now the declared intention of the British and Americans to discover the perpetrators of such foul deeds and bring them to speedy justice

HOW THE PRISONERS OF WAR TOLD ALLIED PLANES OF THEIR CONDITION : A view from the air of Omori prison camp in the Tokyo-Yokohama area. A sign painted on the roof of a building was the first clue to the whereabouts of an American ace-pilot who had been missing for the past sixteen months—Major "Pappy" Boyington. Another sign thanked the Allied airmen for having dropped urgent necessities

REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN THE WORST OF THE JAP PRISON CAMPS : Here is a view of the grounds of the Ofuna prison camp, 16 miles from Yokohama, where many American soldiers were interned. Some of the men, since released by Japan's capitulation, stand about the grounds. This camp was described as having been one of the worst in the area, where prisoners' wounds were not treated and where solitary confinement was the normal thing



A FLOATING AIRSTRIP AT SEA: A PICTURE TAKEN AT LAMLASH WITH THE "LILY" EXPERIMENTAL FLOATING ISLAND: This consists of hexagonal buoyancy drums hinged together to form a flexible landing surface on the water. It is 520 ft. long and 60 ft. across. An aircraft laden to 9,000 lbs. has been landed on this and taken off again

The "LILY" AIRSTRIP

Developments in Aircraft-Carriers —With Other Pictures of Naval Interest

British scientists have found a way of increasing the natural surface tension of water, making it technically possible to build a mid-Atlantic aerodrome or a floating cross-Channel bridge. One practical result of the discovery is the production of man-made "islands" which can be built to any shape or length required, and which can be easily dismantled, transported and reassembled.

Another, which has already stood up to the severe practical tests of war, is the "Swiss Roll," a floating pier that can be rolled up, carried on board ship and later rolled out again from ship to shore. This pier is nearly twenty times as light as a Bailey Bridge of equal length, yet it will carry a 9-ton lorry. In "Swiss Roll"—a flexible canvas-and-wood jetty—a tension of 18 to 30 tons is applied to any length stretching from ship to beach, and the result is that a laden lorry can be driven ashore in safety over the sea. Some 2,700 ft. of "Swiss Roll" were in continual use at the invasion harbour at Avranches, in spite of the appalling weather encountered there.

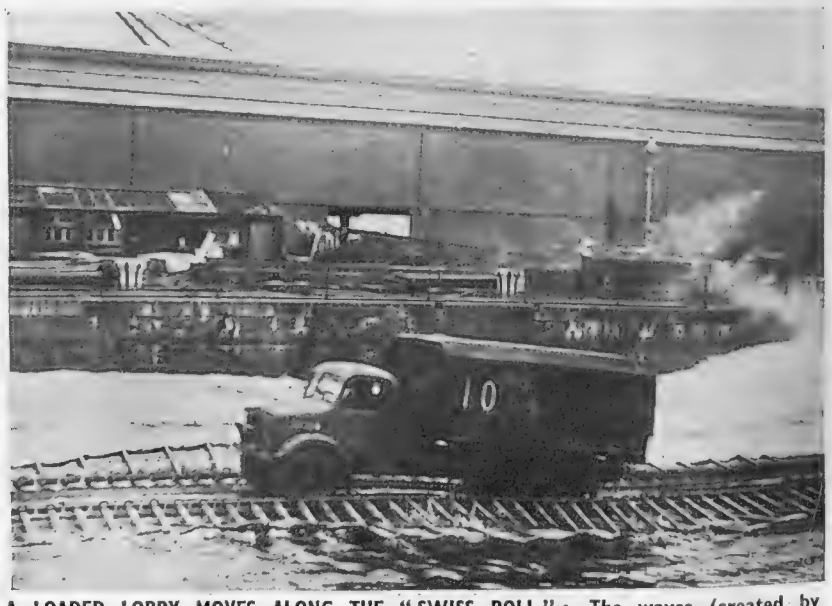
The Navy's latest experiments, only recently concluded, have been with a further development of the same fundamental principle, the "Lily" floating airstrip. Given its name because of its resemblance to a carpet of lily leaves on a pond, "Lily" is a very different proposition to "Swiss Roll." It consists of numbers of buoyancy cans with hexagonal surfaces, so linked together that they "give" in a controlled manner to the motion of the sea from any direction, yet remain sufficiently rigid to take the weight of a heavy aircraft. Whereas in "Swiss Roll" tension is applied externally, "Lily's" hexagonal surfaces, when linked together, create their own tension.

The Navy's experimental airstrip is the smallest on which practical tests could be undertaken, 520 ft. long and 60 ft. across. On this, aircraft laden to 9,000 lbs. have been landed and have taken off again. A strip of this size can be assembled by forty men in one hour. At present the cans are only 6 ft. across and 30 ins. deep, but their size could be scaled up to take greatly increased weight. The whole surface of "Lily" is flexible, so that it will not break up.

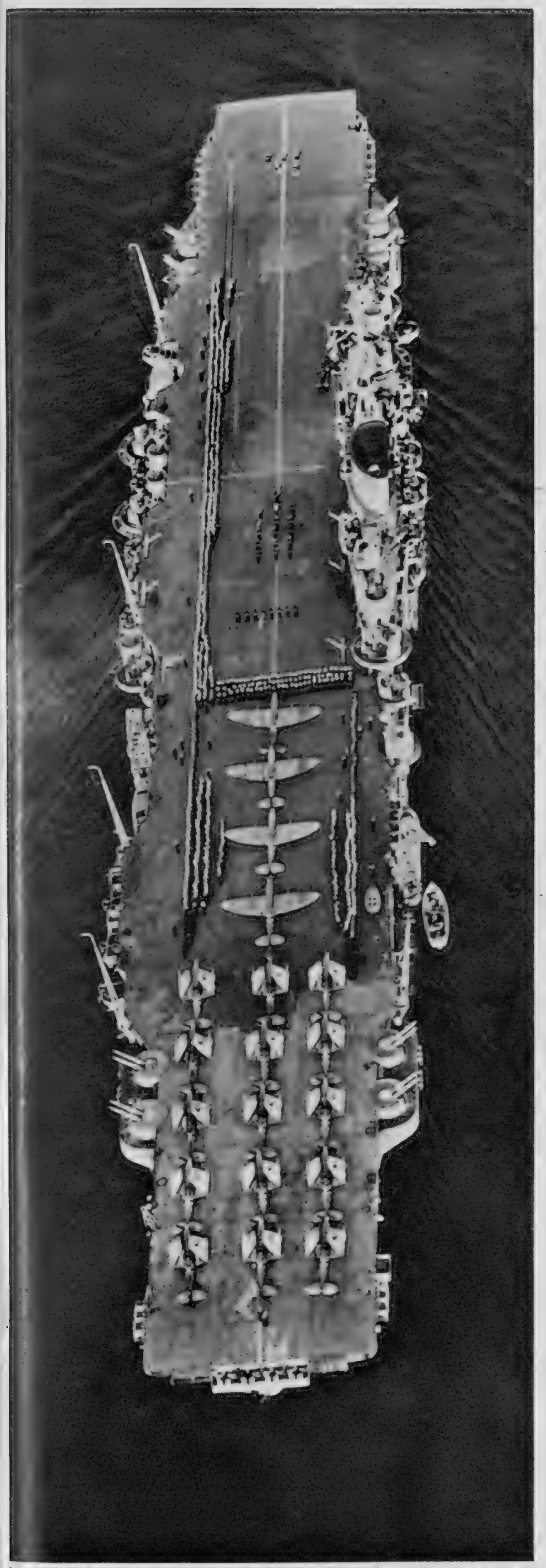
The dream of Atlantic aerodromes has hitherto been unattainable, because it has not been possible to build large enough storm-proof, flat-surface structures. Modern transport aircraft would need a carrier or a strip twice the length of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Such a floating structure has hitherto been impractical. The Navy's new "seadrome" can be transported in ships and assembled anywhere. With the present-size buoyancy can, a "Lily" 2,500 ft. long could be transported in three merchant ships

THE "LILY" UNDULATING WITH THE WAVES CAUSED BY A MOTOR-LAUNCH PASSING AT SPEED: Aircraft are able to land and take-off with the motion of the strip. A strip of this size can be assembled by forty men in one hour

THE "SWISS ROLL" IN PROCESS OF UNROLLING. The roll is self-buoyant: it is here being towed in a horizontal direction to the right by the big crane. It is twenty times as light as a Bailey Bridge of equal length



A LOADED LORRY MOVES ALONG THE "SWISS ROLL": The waves (created by a racing M.T.B.) measure 4 ft. from trough to crest. These "Rolls" were used in the invasion harbour at Avranches



AN ENTIRELY NEW VIEW OF A BIG BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER—A PICTURE FROM ABOVE OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" AS SHE RETURNED TO SYDNEY HARBOUR FROM COMBAT DUTY OFF JAPAN. The ship's aircraft and company are lining the flight-deck, and forward is the ship's Scottish pipe-band. *Implacable* has a displacement of 23,000 tons and a complement of 1,600 officers and men. The number of aircraft she carries has not yet been revealed. Some of them lined up here are ready for flight: the others still have their wings folded. This view gives an idea of the vessel as the ship's own pilots see it during flying operations at sea

THE LARGEST AND FLATTEST "FLAT-TOP" IN THE WORLD: The 45,000-ton American carrier "Midway" arrives at the Norfolk Yard in Virginia for commissioning. She is the first carrier of her size to be built in the United States, and she is by far the largest of her kind in the world. Hitherto, the nearest approach to her colossal dimensions have been the Essex-class carriers, of 27,000 tons. The *Midway* is the third warship to be named after the historic Battle of Midway, and is a sister-ship to the U.S.S. *Coral Sea*, which was launched last spring at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She will carry more than eighty aircraft, which may be twin-engined

THE NEW HIGH-PERFORMANCE TORPEDO-PLANE OF THE FLEET AIR ARM: The new Blackburn Firebrand has just come off the secret list. This aircraft, powered by a Bristol Centaurus engine of over 2,000 h.p., has the speed and manœuvrability of a fighter; yet, in addition to carrying four cannon, she can carry a variety of attack weapons, including torpedoes, bombs and rocket projectiles. It is the fastest single-engined torpedo-carrying aircraft in the world. The peculiar manner in which her wings fold backwards and up is shown in this latest picture

THE SHIP WITHOUT FUNNELS AT SOUTHEND: In reality, she is a flat-topped Mulberry Harbour casement, with a broken back. Holiday-makers at Southend-on-Sea have been puzzled by the presence of a long, flat, mysterious-looking object seen offshore. "A ship without funnels," they conclude. But they are wrong. This curiously-shaped object is one of the first concrete casements built for the Mulberry Harbour—one of the surprises sprung by the Allies in their storming of the Normandy beaches on D-Day. This peculiar casement played its part in the perfecting of the harbour. Towed down the Thames and placed close inshore, it cracked across the centre at low tide, owing to its flat bottom. As a result of this, the bottom of the casement was modified, being made concave. This proved successful

FROM MANY PARTS of the GLOBE

A Series of Recent Pictures of Foreign Interest

ONE YEAR LATER—THE NIJMEGEN PARATROOPS RETURN TO THE OLD BATTLEFIELD TO CELEBRATE THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY: A general view, showing General J. W. Gavin, Commanding General of the 82nd Airborne Division, laying a wreath in the cemetery. In the background, the white crosses mark the graves of those who died

DUTCH CHILDREN PLACE FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES: The name on the cross here is that of Jack E. Gavin (the same as the Commanding General's). A few days ago men of the famous American 82nd Airborne Division returned to the scene of one of the most crucial operations of the war, when they visited the Nijmegen battlefield and attended the first anniversary celebration to be held there. They paid homage to their dead and to the [Dutch civilians who gave them all assistance during the landings

THE LONG TREK HOME TO RUSSIA—a scene in a Berlin street: Liberated Russians, with their belongings loaded on to all sorts of hand-carts, are here seen passing along the Charlottenburger Chaussée, in Berlin, on their long trek home on foot. For some reason at present unknown, no transportation has been provided for these ex-slave labourers

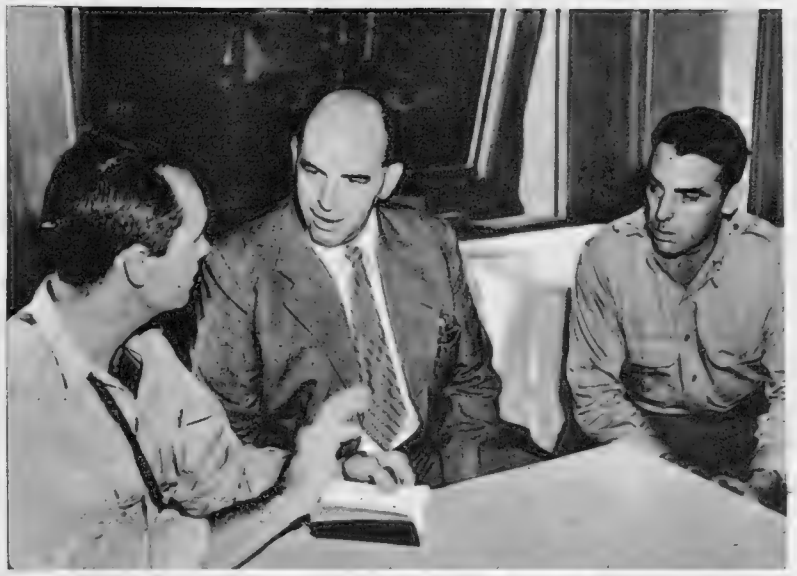
A NEGRO CONDUCTS THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA IN BERLIN: Rudolf Dunbar, in U.S. Army uniform, on the conductor's rostrum. A coloured man to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra! And Rudolf Dunbar, the brilliant American negro conductor, scores another great success. To conduct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra is the zenith of a conductor's ambition. Furtwangler enjoyed such prestige that even Hitler dared not remove him. Now Rudolf Dunbar is the first foreign musician to conduct the orchestra. He gave two concerts in Berlin's Titania Palast—one for the troops and another for the civilians. In October he will conduct a festival of American music in Paris

JUST BEFORE TOJO SHOT HIMSELF TO AVOID ARREST IN TOKYO: This historic picture of the former Japanese Premier, Hideki Tojo, was taken at the very moment when Justice knocked at his door. It was made just a few seconds before he attempted suicide by shooting himself to foil his arrest by American officers. The War Lord, who accepted all blame for starting the Pacific War, is here talking to U.S. Army officers and war correspondents from the window of his villa. A few moments later, Tojo went in and shot himself in the breast with a revolver

TWO WELL-KNOWN STAGE ARTISTS IN BERLIN: A picture taken on September 8, while Gordon Harker and Catherine Lacey were playing in *The Case of the Frightened Lady* at the Jerboa Theatre in Berlin. Here they are inspecting the results of Allied bombing raids

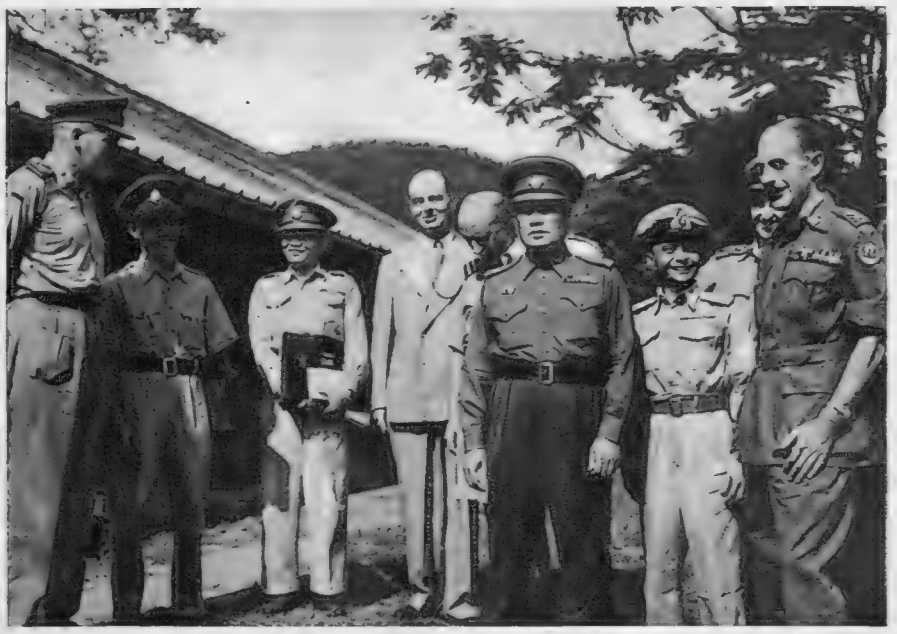
AWAITING HER HUSBAND'S ACQUITTAL—Frau Max Schmeling at her home: During the incarceration of Max Schmeling, formerly a well-known boxer and now a book publisher, his wife lived in a room of a friend's house. Schmeling was acquitted of giving false information by a Military Court in Hamburg on September 10

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN SUPERVISES THE RECEPTION OF ALLIED PRISONERS OF WAR IN RANGOON : Lady Louis Mountbatten is in Rangoon watching over the reception and care of Allied prisoners of war brought by plane from Thailand and other areas. In one Rangoon hospital alone there are nearly 2,000 men from Britain, Holland and Australia, who were captured at Singapore and have spent three-and-a-half years in a Jap prison camp 90 miles from Bangkok—a camp which they were forced to build themselves. Here Lady Louis Mountbatten is seen with Lieut.-Colonel A. A. Johnson, of the 4th Battalion of the Suffolks; he is showing her a collection of butterflies which he caught while a prisoner of the Japanese



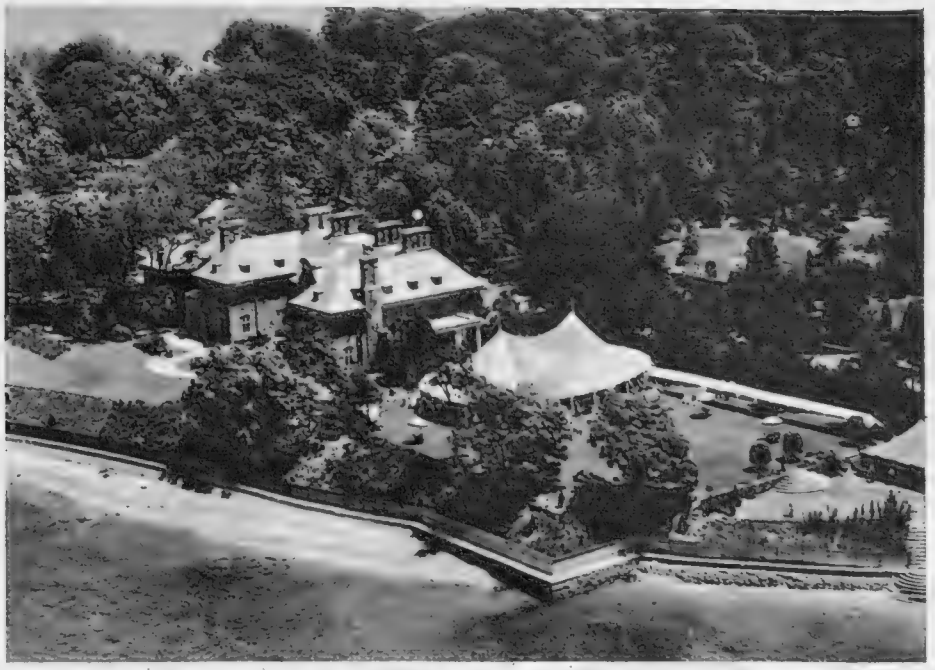
THE "BUTCHER OF WARSAW" IS DISCOVERED IN JAPAN : Acting on a tip given them by the Tokyo secret police, Mr. Clark Lee (of the International News Service) and two other newsmen discovered the Japanese hide-away of Gestapo Colonel Joseph Albert Meisinger. They forced the high-ranking war criminal to surrender to them. Known as the "Butcher of Warsaw," Meisinger is charged with the murder of more than 100,000 Warsaw Jews. This picture was taken after Meisinger (in centre) had surrendered and allowed himself to be searched. Mr. Clark Lee is on the right

TROPHIES CAPTURED FROM THE JAPS ARE GIVEN TO R.A.F. OFFICERS: Lieut.-General Sir Frank Messervy is here seen presenting the swords taken from captured Japanese officers to Flight Commanders of No. 221 Group of the R.A.F., in recognition of their close support of the Army from Imphal to Rangoon. Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Bouchier, air officer commanding the Group, is here receiving one of the trophies from Lieut.-General Messervy



A SIAMESE MILITARY MISSION ARRIVES AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH-EAST ASIA COMMAND : This picture was taken on September 2 when a Siamese Mission arrived at the Headquarters of the Supreme Allied Commander to discuss matters of military importance. The members of the Mission are Lieut.-General Akdi Sene Naron, Deputy Commander-in-Chief of the Army; Captain Chalern Saydizm, A.D.C.; Nai Thavi Thicul, Director of the Ministry of Commerce (civilian); Rear-Admiral Chan Bejus Anom, Vice-Chief of the General Staff; Colonel Sura Chitra Charusemo, Deputy Chief of the General Staff; Wing Commander Thavi Chulesap, Air Force Staff; Colonel Yodhi, Siamese Liaison Officer; and Major Khem, secretary. With them in the picture are Brigadier Scott, Mr. M. E. Dening, Air Vice-Marshal G. E. Gibbs, Rear-Admiral C. E. Douglas-Pennant and Major-General W. R. F. Penney

THE HARDEST RACE IN THE WORLD IS HELD IN FINLAND : The winners, Erland Vemdal and Gunnar Halsten, at the finish. The Pathfinding Race held in the North Swedish mountains of Lapland has been described as the hardest contest in the world. The supermen who compete run about 54 miles over the most difficult country, carrying a pack weighing 50 lbs. and containing tent, sleeping-bag, food and clothing. The distance is divided into three stages of 18 miles each, a stage being run in a day. Competitors have to fend for themselves entirely, and despite thorough training, it has been shown that the runners lose on an average 8 lbs. in weight. Erland Vemdal won the race together with Gunnar Halsten. He has been a winner for the last three years and has put up a record of 17 hours 50 mins.



HOW THE RUSSIANS TAKE CARE OF THEIR CONSULAR AND DIPLOMATIC STAFFS ABROAD : A view of the beautiful estate and palatial mansion of the late J. P. Morgan, at Glen Cove on Long Island, which has been leased by the Russian Government as an entertainment and recreation centre for the Soviet Purchasing Commission in America. The famous estate, one-time Mecca for leading American capitalists and foreign royalty, is located on Long Island Sound and contains seventy-four acres

THE COMING BOOM IN SPORT

More Leisure and the Gradual Resumption of Peace-time Pursuits Foreshadow a Greater-than-ever Public Interest in All Forms of Sport

By CHARLES GRAVES

EVERYTHING points to a boom in sport in this country. For six years the public has worked very hard and played, or even watched, very few games. And if the Trades Unions' idea of a 44-hour-week materialises, there will be more and more leisure, and therefore more and more time in which to watch or play games, visit race-tracks and generally enjoy oneself. If this were not obvious, the sale of a greyhound (Magic Bohemian) for £2,500 and a yearling for 28,000 guineas points the moral.

The Jockey Club, most conservative of all ruling bodies, has appointed the sports editor of the *Daily Mail* to be its Public Relations Officer, thus showing its appreciation of the ever-increasing interest in horse-racing, and the need for its proper presentation to the masses. Many racecourses are still requisitioned by the Government, for purposes ranging from prisoner-of-war camps to aerodromes. But attendances at Newmarket, York and other race-tracks still in working order show that next year the Totalisators and the bookmakers will have more clients than ever before.

Greyhound racing, which has been extended to 108 meetings per annum per track since VE-Day, instead of one a week, shows a staggering increase in attendance and the amount of money wagered on the Tote. Whereas an average meeting numbered anything from 10,000 to 17,000, 20,000 racegoers is a very normal number to-day. It is not as though prize-money for the graded races has increased much. The average at places like Wembley is an increase of barely 25 per cent. Nevertheless, it is only the lack of an adequate number of Totalisators which prevents the crowds doubling, or even trebling. At Wembley it is estimated that the public endeavours to place £30,000 more on the Tote per meeting than the latter can handle.

Henry Cotton is the pioneer of the movement to turn golf into one of the more lucrative forms of spectator-sport. There is no doubt that the "gate" for a big golf tournament can aggregate thousands of pounds if properly handled. So far, in this year of 1945, only newspapers have been able to organise professional golf championships, but next year it is probable that prize-money golf meetings organised by Big Business will take place regularly throughout the year, and will not only pay the promoters' costs but will actually make money for them, quite apart from the publicity which they evince.

The entertainments tax is astonishingly severe, amounting to as much as 45 per cent. of the "take." Thus the last Cup Final at Wembley produced £29,000 in admission fees, of which over £13,000 had to be paid in entertainments tax. It is curious that footballers are treated as "non-living performers." In other words, the entertainment provided by a game of football is taxed at the same level as a talkie at a cinema, instead of at the same rate as a play in a theatre—which is considerably lower. One of the sports which will have a special boom is speedway racing. Men in the Forces have written countless letters to the management of the various London sports arenas, asking when this entertainment will be revived. In peacetime the average attendance at Wembley was 25,000, rising to 80,000 for a world championship final. The leading riders, like the late "Bluey" Wilkinson and Van Praag, earned as much as £250 a week for the six-months season. The obvious interest in the sport shows that, apart from these top prices, there will be an ample opportunity for dirt-track riders to earn £100 a week. During the war, only Belle Vue, Manchester, kept things going, but Glasgow, Bradford, Newcastle and New Cross have had occasional meetings. At the last-named stadium, crowds far larger than those of pre-war have recently attempted to watch the sport, even though the teams were scratch affairs. Next May will see the full revival of speedway racing on a competitive league basis, and immense "gates" can be expected.

Next spring will also see the return of professional lawn tennis. This sport did not attract particularly large "gates," but it provided suitable bread-and-butter for the managements which staged it. There is the possibility, of course, that All-England will permit matches between amateurs and professionals, in which case Jack Kramer and Donald Budge would draw immense crowds. Incidentally, I wonder whether anybody knows the whereabouts of Nusslein?

The six-day bicycle race was a comparatively recent innovation, and it cannot be revived until the Government permits suitable timber to be made available for building up the track. This importation from America did quite well before the war, the last two or three nights always providing a "sell-out," people actually paying to stand up in the middle of the track. On the final night it attracted at least £2,500 in florins and half-guineas. Personally, I would like to see motor-paced cycle-racing introduced to this country. In Paris it provided a tremendous thrill before the war.

In spite of the dollar-sterling situation, there should be no trouble in reviving ice-hockey as played by crack Canadian teams. This sport can be expected before the end of the year. It is true that it will be played by scratch teams and Canadian Service units. Nor will it be competitive. But by next year the ice-hockey arenas will be packed to the doors once again, and the entertainments tax will produce thousands of pounds a week.

In this connection it seems high time that the tax was reduced. Before the war it took 16 per cent. of the "gate" money. That was high enough. The present figure is 45 per cent., which is evidently too high for anyone except the wildest speculators among sports promoters.

Professional boxing is in the doldrums. Practically none of our champions show championship form. Most of them are over weight or metaphorically over age. Newcomers have not yet had time to push their way into the limelight. A world championship between Billy Conn and Joe Louis is another thing. The recognised sports promoters in this country are therefore holding their hand. They estimate that there is likely to be more interest in first-class amateur boxing than in dubious bouts between old-stagers whose form is known and whose spoiling tactics are anti-box-office. Before the end of the year we can look forward to international amateur boxing tournaments in which the whole of the Allied Nations will be represented (with the possible exception of the Russians). It will be a super-Golden Gloves affair. Early next year, too, one can expect Service Championships between representatives of the Army on the Continent and the Army in Great Britain.

Athletic meetings are not likely to attract vast crowds unless the top-notch runners like Arne Andersen and Gundar Haegg are available. International swimming tournaments can be expected at the Wembley Pool, recently de-requisitioned after three years of occupation by the Gibraltar exiles. Table-tennis championships will be a "sell-out," as before. As for Association football and cricket, the attendances at professional football matches this season are well above the average in pre-war years, and cricket can expect a similar boom if the batsmen are prepared to go for their runs.

We now come to the Olympic Games, which, in the ordinary course of events, would have taken place in Great Britain in 1944. Many people, including myself, who look back on the Olympic Games in previous years realise that, though the individual athletes may have been sportsmen, their trainers, managers and other hangers-on were unquestionably enemy agents in a high percentage of cases. The problem is whether the Olympic Games can be brought back to their original conception—of friendly international rivalry without propaganda or animosity.

Hitler is said to have stated, in connection with the Olympic Games in Berlin before the war, that they cost the country £6,000,000, the equivalent of a battle-cruiser, but the outlay was worth all of that in prestige alone. Avery Brundage, an American representative of the Olympic Games Committee, recently announced that the holding of the Games at Los Angeles was worth 60,000,000 dollars to that city in a fortnight in 1932, purely in money spent.

This is a serious consideration when the claims of Wembley are put forward for the 1948 Games to be held there. The Travel Association of Great Britain has talked a great deal about the prospect of the invisible export of £100,000,000 a year resulting from tourist travel in this country. If the Games were held in Great Britain, which would be the first time since 1908, when they took place at the White City on a far smaller scale, millions of pounds would accrue to us. Great Britain provides the opportunity for staging every possible sport represented in the Olympic Games and a few more.

The political aspect of the desirability of the Olympic Games is another matter. But the discovery of the atomic bomb suggests that there is much less to fear from enemy agents than ever before, and the many millions of pounds which would be spent in this country by foreigners are a consideration.

THE FOURSOME REEL IN GERMANY—a scene during Highland games in a stadium in Verden, near Nenburg: On September 7 last, the 51st Division held the finals of their Highland games at Verden Stadium. The events consisted of relay races, tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, long jump, high jump, tug-of-war and Highland dances. A number of Germans were allowed to attend this spectacle, which must, at times, have seemed very strange to them

THROWING THE HAMMER: A sturdy Highlander at the Verden Stadium makes a perfect study of muscular grace

A HURRICANE IN MIAMI

A Submarine Ashore Off Portland Bill

THE INCREASING FURY OF A TROPICAL STORM : High tides and wind lash the waterfront at Miami as the hurricane increases in tempo. Much damage was done to the popular Florida resort by this latest visitation of Nature. Every so often the coasts of Southern Florida are swept by tropical hurricanes, which wreak considerable damage and frequently cause loss of life. The latest swept in from the sea on September 14, after the Weather Bureau had issued an urgent warning and predicted that the hurricane would arrive within a few hours. It caused damage estimated at 50,000,000 dollars, destroying many houses in the seaside resort of Miami, injuring people and driving ships ashore. Amongst the latter was the two-masted Honduran schooner *Icaros*, shown in the picture on the right on Miami Beach. One member of the crew lost his life whilst trying to rescue the ship's mascot, a dog

THE HURRICANE FLAG IS HOISTED : Miami was warned by the Weather Bureau that the hurricane was due to arrive the same afternoon

THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "MINERVE" ON THE ROCKS AT PORTLAND BILL BEING POUNDED BY THE HEAVY SEAS : She went aground whilst in tow from Liverpool to Cherbourg. She was without a crew and is now inaccessible from the cliff

A SCHOONER IS BATTERED BY THE HURRICANE on the shores of the Florida coast : The crew managed to lower a lifeboat in the raging winds and reached safety

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FRENCH SUBMARINE ON THE ROCKS, where she was faced with the danger of breaking up completely in the heavy weather

The *Minerve* is a vessel of 579 tons : whilst in tow from Liverpool to France she was forced to shelter at Brixham before attempting to cross the Channel. The submarine and her tug, escorted by a trawler, had only reached the middle of Lyme Bay when another gale warning was received. The commander thereupon decided to make for Portland and, in weather that was rapidly deteriorating, rounded the Bill. In a tremendous following sea, the tow parted as the submarine yawed. The *Minerve* struck on the rocks soon afterwards. She must have received under-water damage, for she grounded with force. The place where she lies is inaccessible from the cliff, and heavy seas constantly break over her

THE MODEL VILLAGE IN WILTSHIRE, WHICH WAS "WRECKED NEEDLESSLY" BY TROOPS DURING THE WAR: The main road through Imber as it appears to-day. The allegations of "wanton and vulgar destruction" have been made by Lord Long

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT IMBER, gravestones have been piled up in front of the weakened structure. They were removed to this spot during battle practice

THE OLD CHURCH AT IMBER HAS BEEN SHORED UP WITH TIMBERS which support the planking over the windows. The whole village was requisitioned in 1943 and taken over by American troops

IN THE KITCHEN OF THE FORMER VICARAGE DEBRIS LITTERS THE FLOOR. Some of the destruction has been described as vandalism

Vandalism in the village and church of Imber, in Wiltshire, amounting to "wanton and vulgar destruction" during the occupation of the village by troops for battle practice, is alleged in letters written by Viscount Long of Wraxall to the Secretary for War, the Ministries of Health and Agriculture, and the Bishop of Salisbury. All the inhabitants of the village—to the number of 150—were removed in 1943 when American troops took over the area; later, British troops replaced the Americans. Lord Long alleges that cottage doors and windows have been deliberately smashed and, among other things, that a fine staircase in the Court, a beautiful building restored in 1922, was wrecked. He has requested that the village shall be de-requisitioned at once and its 2,000 acres of derelict land restored to production

THE ENGLISH SCENE

News-Pictures from the Homeland

THE "PLUTO PLOUGH" FOR CABLE-LAYING IN ENGLAND: How it works—first by digging a trench, and then dropping the cable into the excavation. The trench is then filled in with earth

THE CABLE-LAYING PLOUGH IN OPERATION: The trench has been dug and the cable is being placed in the excavation. Developed from "Pluto," the oil pipe-line laid across the Channel, is a special cable-laying plough drawn by a 60-h.p. Diesel winch which lays down cable in an incredibly short time. The process is extremely simple. The plough, tractor drawn, cuts a deep but very narrow groove, into which it drops the cable simultaneously. Very little earth is thus disturbed, so that a lorry driven along each side of the trench can fill in the soil and finish the job. Our pictures show the laying of electric cable, but it is thought probable that, with a few modifications, the plough could deal with water-piping and even main drainage. It will, of course, prove a great time-saver where prefabricated housing schemes are concerned, as a big bottleneck has arisen through the time taken to lay drainage, water and electric cable by the old methods

A LAKE THAT ISN'T ON THE MAP—YET: Two views of the Fenworthy Reservoir built on Dartmoor during the war

This new lake came into being only quite recently. As it does not yet appear on air maps, many German pilots flying over England must have been baffled by its appearance at a spot where, theoretically, no expanse of water existed. Fenworthy Reservoir was ready for opening at the end of last month. It is situated not far from Warren House Inn, the highest point on Dartmoor: its capacity is 383 million gallons of water. The picture on the left shows the little Teign River running through the foreground, with its new lake beyond. As will be seen from the picture on the right, the tops of some of the trees submerged in the Reservoir can still be seen sticking out of the water: these will disappear from sight later on

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE IRISH PRIMATE celebrated at the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick in Armagh: The Diamond Jubilee of His Eminence Cardinal Joseph MacRory, eighty-five-year-old Primate of All Ireland and Archbishop of Armagh, the 110th successor to St. Patrick and the oldest living Cardinal, was celebrated at Armagh, in Northern Ireland, on September 13. Inspiring scenes of devotion and thanksgiving marked the great event in the Primatial city, which was thronged with visitors from all parts of Ireland, England, the United States and Rome. Cardinal MacRory is an Ulsterman, born at Ballygawley, in Co. Tyrone. In his early priesthood he spent two years in England as a Professor at St. Bernard's College at Olton, in Warwickshire. In the picture above, His Eminence is seen leaving the Cathedral Church of Armagh after the Votive High Mass on his Diamond Jubilee day

JAGGER'S "CRUCIFIXION" IS DISCOVERED—in a Chelsea builder's yard: Some pieces of sculpture by the famous Charles Jagger, sculptor of the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner, who died in 1943, have been found lying in the yard of a removal contractor in Chelsea. Mr. John Burchett, to whose son the yard belongs, knew Jagger well. The Burchetts have been in business in Chelsea for 300 years, and it was John Burchett who cast the scale model for the Royal Artillery Memorial. Among the pieces in Mr. Burchett's yard is the huge figure of "Crucifixion," covered in dust and cobwebs, and a group of faun and nymph, more than life-size, probably a recent work

LONDON'S BUS-TESTING HILL IS IN SERVICE AGAIN: After being under water for five years, London Transport's test hill for bus chassis at Chiswick is in service again. The hill is formed by a channel, 503 ft. long, cut in the ground. Buses enter the trough at one end and pass down a gradient of 1 in 10. As they leave it they ascend another of 1 in 14. Early in the war it was decided to use the channel as an A.R.P. emergency reservoir, and it was filled with 250,000 gallons of water. This has now been pumped out. Here a bus is seen emerging at the top of the hill

ITALIAN BRIDES WHO HAVE MARRIED ENGLISH SOLDIERS arrive on a liner at Liverpool: The brides of British soldiers serving abroad, forty French, Italian and Yugoslav girls, arrived at Liverpool a few days ago on board the Cunard-White Star liner *Franconia*. Here are seven of the Italian brides. Driver G. Evans, of Hull, is with his bride, Amalia. The husbands of the other six are still serving in the Middle East. Second from the right is Mrs. Anna A. Noble, the youngest of the party, a seventeen-year-old girl from Trieste, who is going to Hull. Second from the left is Mrs. Gilbert Price, who will be staying with her husband's friends at Huyton, near Liverpool

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"THE SMITH OF SMITHS"

A Brilliant and Lovable English Humorist; Dickens' Great-Granddaughter a Success in Her Own Right; Three More Aspects of Britain in Pictures

THE book of the week is a reprint, first published eleven years ago, and now re-issued to what should certainly be a grateful public. I would like to say first of all how heartily I applaud the publishers' action in using part of what is a universally exiguous allowance of paper to keep this book in print. Novels, except the very best of them, are ephemerals; but the biography of such a man as Sydney Smith—one of the greatest of English wits and kindliest of English critics—should be accessible to us all now, as in the year of its publication. On second thoughts, it will probably do us all more good now than when it was first written.

THE SMITH OF SMITHS (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) is, in my opinion, the best of all Mr. Hesketh Pearson's biographies. Granted, that he had the perfect subject for which a man might search a lifetime without result. But it should also be acknowledged that he has been the writer to appreciate it, to quote from the master with relish and discernment, and evidently to have enjoyed compiling the book at least as much as we enjoy reading and re-reading it.

One might think carelessly of Sydney Smith as one of the most superlative of wits, who was also a country clergyman and lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Mr. Pearson's work is there to inform us that the Smith of Smiths (Macaulay's words for him) was also the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a determined fighter, though he used original weapons of wit and ridicule, in the struggle that culminated with the first Reform Bill.

Such a man was destined to have devoted friends, and besides Macaulay, Sydney Smith counted Sheridan, Dickens, Lord Melbourne, Walter Scott and Harriet Martineau amongst his. Those names alone give one an idea of the greatness of the period in which he flourished. His own papers—he was as confirmed a writer of letters as of articles—are endlessly quotable; in fact, it is difficult to convey his real quality without that. One point, though, is worth noting. For his times, he wrote with a simplicity that was never then matched, and which is at least a part of the reason why his reputation has survived in such brilliance and even affection.

His own rules of life he expounded in a letter to a friend. They were nineteen, of which the first was, "Live as well as you dare," and the others included cool shower-baths, amusing books, and comparing one's lot with that of other people. The thirteenth rule was "*Do good*, and endeavour to please everybody of every degree"; a precept which its author followed himself, though with notable exceptions when it came to the reviewing of books. "We *were* savage," he told Harriet Martineau many years later: "I remember how Brougham and I sat trying one night how we could exasperate our cruelty to the most. We had got hold of a poor, nervous, little vegetarian, who had put out a poor, silly little book, and when we had done our review of it we sat trying to find one more chink, one more crevice, through which we might drop one more drop of verjuice, to eat into his bones."

Sydney Smith is remembered for no such attacks, however. His wit was sharp, but despite his own estimate, not savage, as was Voltaire's. "What bishops like best in their clergy," he wrote, "is a dropping-down-deadness of manner," but neither was that a habit he was liable to adopt. Long spells of country life, or a "humorous" song were equally calculated to depress him, but he usually managed to avoid both dangers.

He was gregarious and socially-minded, in both the narrow and the wide sense, yet there were some functions, such as the opera, which he resisted wholeheartedly. "It would be rather out of etiquette for a Canon of St. Paul's to go to the opera," he remarked once, "and where etiquette prevents me from doing things disagreeable to myself, I am a perfect martinet."

I think there is only one maxim of Sydney Smith's with which I must violently disagree, and that because of the loss it would have meant to my own pleasure. "I never read a book before reviewing it," he said. "It prejudices a man so."

The second and, so far, the best of Miss Monica Dickens' books was one about hospitals, seen from the particularly realistic viewpoint of the V.A.D. and the probationer nurse. It was called *One Pair of Hands*, and it was filmed, a little unrecognisably, as *The Lamp Still Burns*. What matters is not the apotheosis in the studio, but the fact that the original was so exceptionally good, so sharply and wittily observed, so freshly set down. It seemed to most of us who read that book five or six years ago that the great novelist's great-granddaughter had got something there. She did not need to lean on the reputation of her ancestor, but was perfectly capable of building her own reputation. So far, this is on a far smaller but still a perfectly valid basis. The great figure and the young writer share one quality: they have both proved themselves deeply interested in human beings and any vicissitude—noble, squalid, comic or essentially drab—that human beings go through.

J. B. PRIESTLEY IN RUSSIA: A picture taken at Moscow Airport on his arrival with his wife: When Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priestley arrived on a visit to Moscow, they were met at the airport by M. Karaganov, Vice-President of the All Union Society for Cultural Relations Abroad, of which Mr. Priestley is Vice-President of the Board of Directors. Above are seen (from right to left) Mr. J. B. Priestley, M. Karaganov, Mrs. Priestley and Mme. L. Kislova, a member of the Board of Directors of the All Union Society

THURSDAY AFTERNOONS (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is, unlike the earlier book, a novel, and except for one flaw, an exceedingly well-constructed one. What it has in common with the other is that its subject is again a hospital, from the infinitely—and accurately—detailed point of view of the doctor, the ward sister and the persistent out-patient, and medicine itself, as represented by a successful Wimpole Street practitioner.

This Steven Sheppard is a charming, human and fallible character. He is, in fact, the first really complete character Miss Dickens has created: a man of science who knows his vocation to be a true one and yet deeply distrusts his own facility for pleasing, as well as reassuring, his patients. His problem with his women patients is even more acute, since, without too much effort, he is apt to bewitch them beyond the ordinary practices of nostrums and prescriptions. Financially and socially, his manner works, quite literally, like a charm. He is even a pretty good doctor. But there are moments when he could wish himself less facile with the soothing word, less devastating in his effect on the Acting Staff Nurse.

Steven Sheppard, in other words, is an honest man, dully rather than unhappily married, and spending his rare free time on the composition of a novel that is no better than the attempts of most amateurs who have "always thought that they had a book in them," but in which he is encouraged, first by a publisher with recalcitrant stomach ulcers, and secondly, by a girl whose chief attractions are her sympathetic ear, and her deliciously *soignée* appearance; both more intelligently handled than his own wife supposes possible.

In all this narrative the human touches and the quite extraordinarily acute observation are what distinguishes the novel from dozens of others, as earnestly planned, but executed without just this touch of genius. Of all the kinds of people whose trivial or significant words this writer records, not one strikes a false note. Not one Cockney uses an embarrassing archaism; on page 60 Miss Dickens makes an amusing and just observation about this. Not one dog behaves like a charter member of the Dumb Friends' League, and not one spinster's day-dream is exaggerated beyond the tenuous frontier of good taste.

In other words, Miss Dickens is an inspired reporter. In time she will be an equally inspired novelist.

Recommended in all sincerity.

The three new issues in the excellent series, "Britain in Pictures," that appear this week show that the scope of the survey is by no means exhausted, although about seventy books have already been published. **INSECT LIFE IN BRITAIN** is, like the others, published by Collins at 4s. 6d., and has the usual high standard of illustration to what would not occur to me as a very promising subject. However, Mr. Geoffrey Taylor handles the entomologists and the 12,000 species of British insects with more affection than one could have expected possible, and shows wit both in his quotations from Donne and in the choice of the little vignettes used for chapter headings.

Miss Jacquetta Hawkes is the brilliant young archæologist who has tackled **EARLY BRITAIN**, again with a freshness and a lack of pedantry that makes it delightful and even exciting reading. **ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS**, by Captain H. J. Paris, who is Deputy Director of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, must, paradoxically, have been the most difficult to illustrate, since the problem of what to leave out would have been so great. The giants of the technique, Blake, Rossetti, Turner and Birket Foster among them, are well represented, and there is a delicious Cotman which unhappily has had to be reproduced in black and white, but which still contrives to show a little of the artist's magic.

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The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

BIG BOY (*Saville*).—There are some good features in this large-scale musical show, notably that large-scale comedian Mr. Fred Emney, but, to be frank, not nearly enough of them. Mr. Emney and Mr. Richard Hearne provide some cheery knock-about fun, and the latter's dancing is always as amusing as it is amazing. Again, not enough of it, for Mr. Hearne practically disappeared after the first half. Miss Carol Raye is a delicious little person; her dancing is the best of her many assets, which include charm in plenty. Another success is Miss Triss Henderson, a very different type. Her chief card is burlesque, and she is, in fact, quite funny.

However, the dull and silly "book" almost succeeds in defeating all these clever folk.

Fit for Heroes (Embassy).—There is nothing dull about this really joyous farce. Possibly its political views may offend some people of the extreme Left, though I doubt it. The funniest figure of all is a very Red young politician, brilliantly played by Mr. Olaf Pooley, who never overplayed the part; nor have the authors, Harold Brooke and Kay Bannerman (who made such a success as the blonde heroine in the previous play at this theatre), over-written it. Here is just a photograph. The story mostly deals satirically with the "brave new world," and the whole of the action takes place in a Portal house, in which Lord Wimpole, the big noise of the village in more senses than one—for Mr. Raymond Lovell shouted good and hard—has come to live with his wife for reasons of economy and, I imagine, 19s. 6d. in the £ Income Tax. Dame Irene Vanbrugh as Lady Wimpole is at her splendid best and a perfect representative of the old world. The Wimpoles' daughter has married the aforementioned Left Winger, yet Miss Helen Cherry, fortunately, does not look a bit like Bloomsbury. The son is played by Mr. Jack Allen, and another good performance is that of Mr. Edgar Norfolk as the butler.

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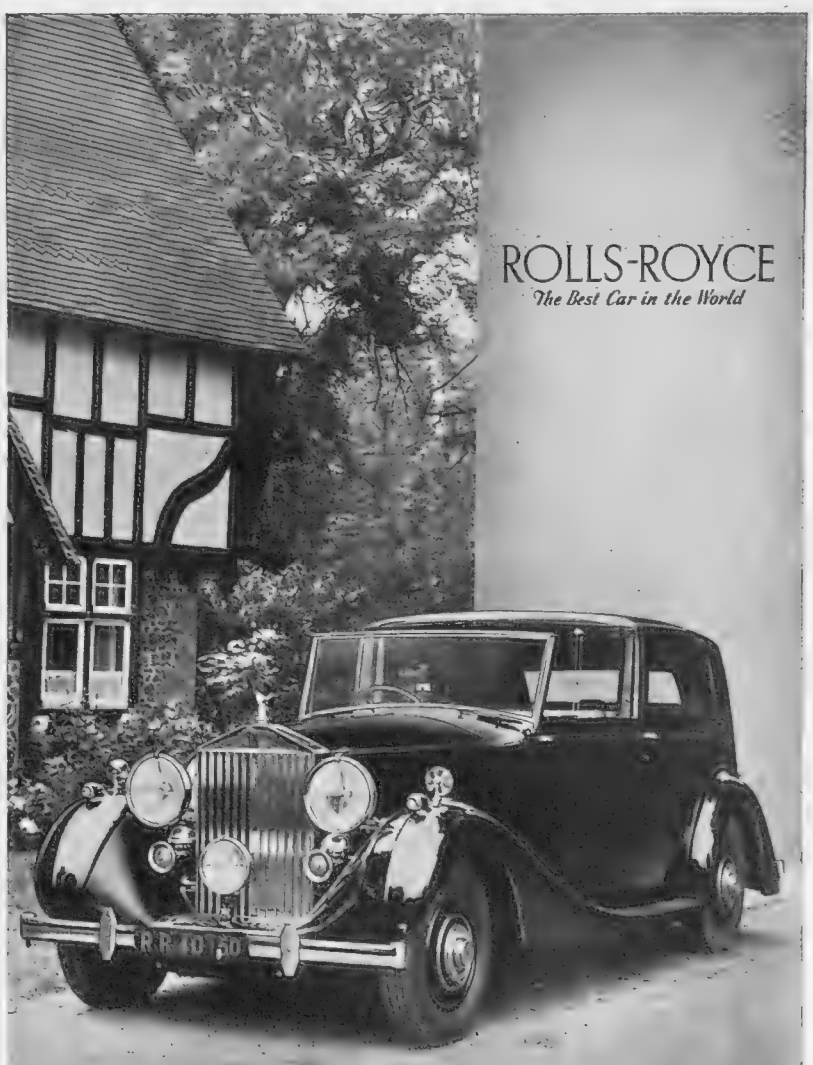

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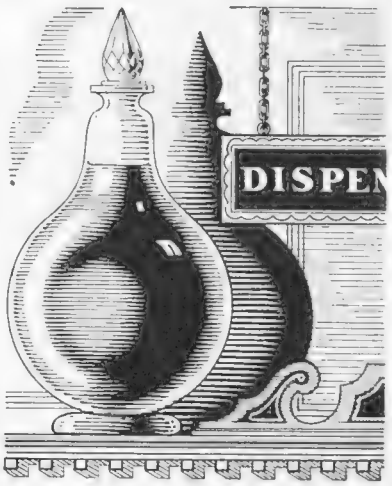

THE "carboy," ancient symbol of the chemist's craft, still glows brilliant and mysterious in many a chemist's shop window. It tells all passers-by that there is within, at their service, all the fund of pharmaceutical knowledge that the chemist has acquired by four years' apprenticeship and many years of study and practice. The chemist's advice is always sound.

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Painted by A. Macpherson.

THOMAS SNEDDON is a Scotsman born in 1908 at the small coal-mining village of Brightons in Stirlingshire. On leaving school he worked as a gardener, but a year later went to a colliery as an underground worker. In 1928 at the age of 21 he changed over to the dyestuffs branch of the chemical industry, which is of course primarily based on coal. He is employed in producing what are known as "vat dyestuffs". These are dyes noted for their "fastness" (that is their powers of resistance) to light, laundering or dry-cleaning. In peacetime they go chiefly to colour the fabrics for our shirts and dresses, for casement cloths and brocades and for sewing cottons. When this portrait was painted, for example, Mr. Sneddon was busy making a dye called "Caledon Orange 2 RTS" which is one of the dyes used for dyeing denim overalls and camouflage netting. In addition to producing dyes for Army and R.A.F. uniforms, for parachute fabrics, for naval bunting, for ribbons and flashes, the works where Mr. Sneddon is employed also provide the blue and green colours used by the R.A.F. to distinguish the petrol which should go into a bomber from that for use in a fighter, and the colouring matter for the smokes used in signalling. Closely related to dyestuffs are the drugs based on coal by-products, the two most notable being the sulphonamide range and mepacrine, the specific against malaria. Both these are also made at the same works so that Mr. Sneddon has the satisfaction of knowing that he is a unit in an organisation which is helping to fight disease as well as clothe and conceal the fighting forces. He has the added satisfaction that his eldest daughter, Maureen, is employed in a laboratory in the same works.

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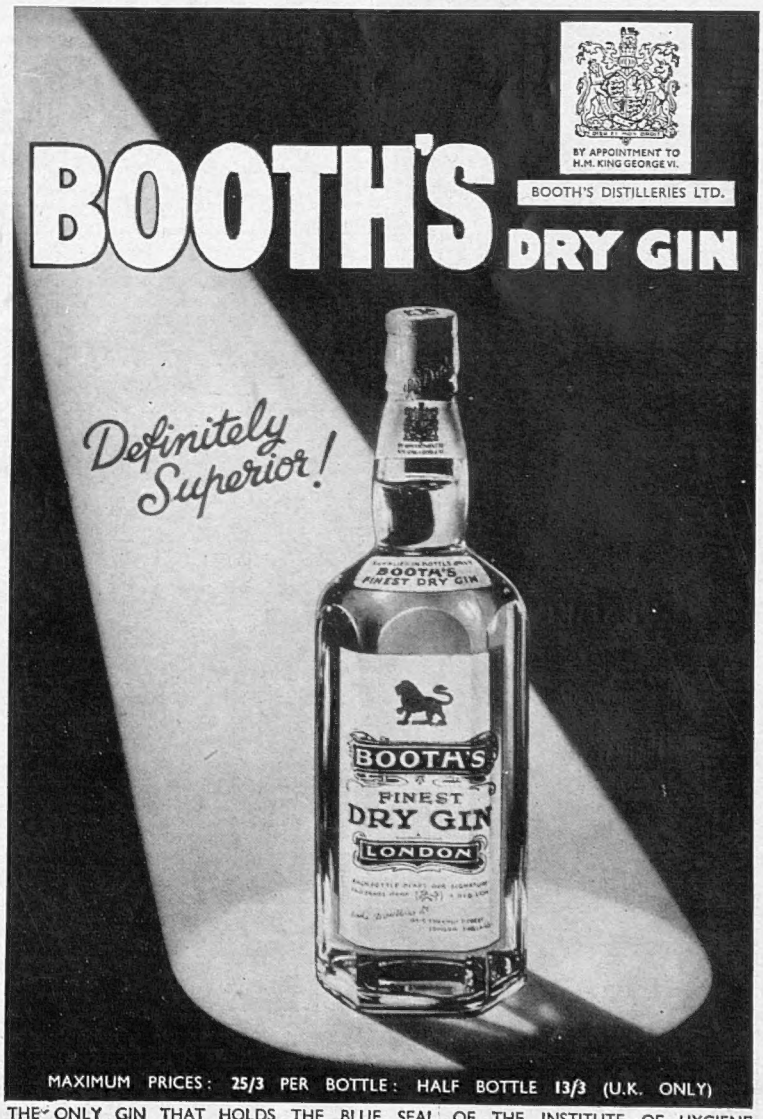

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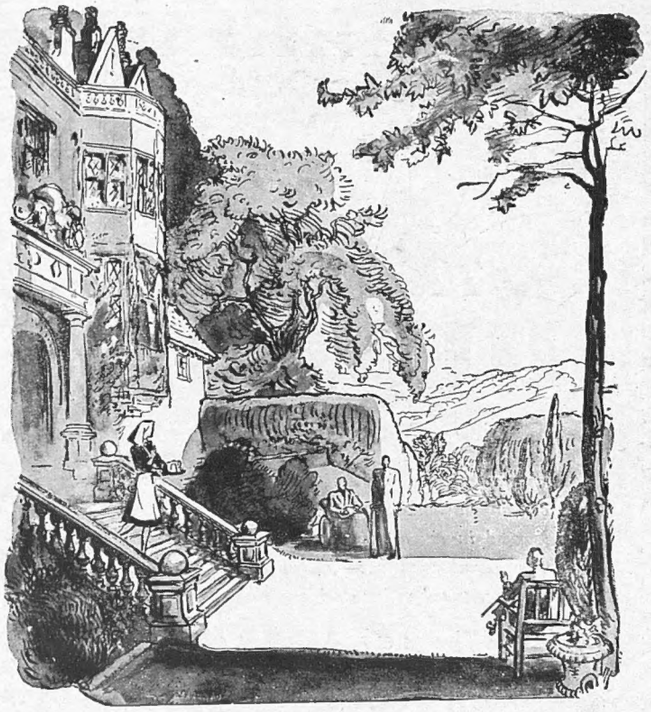

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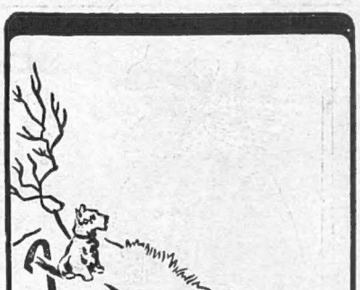

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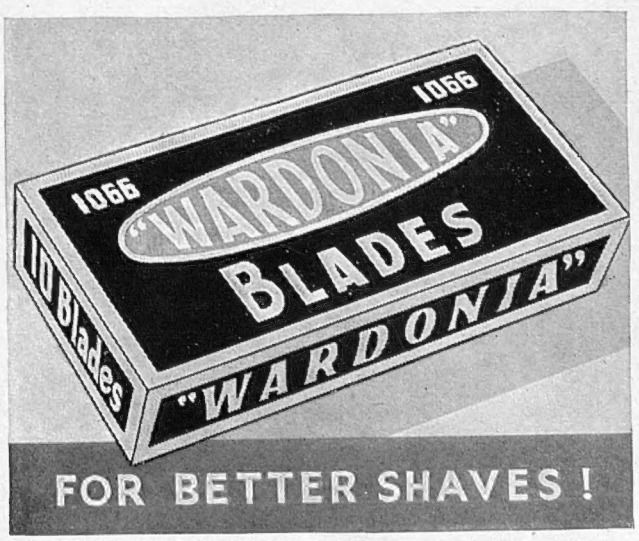

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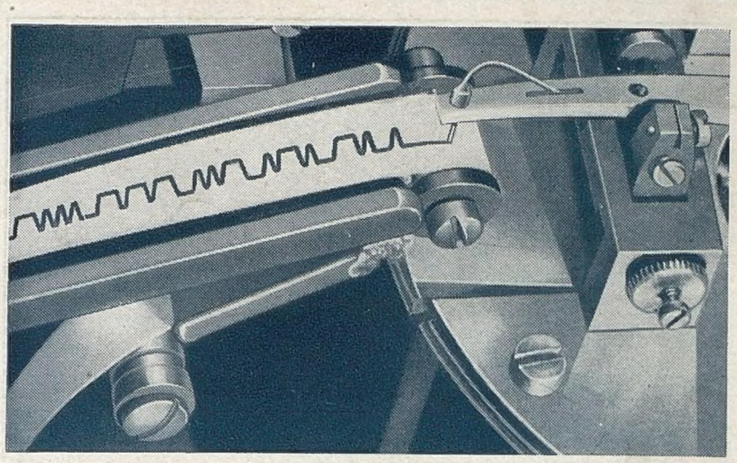

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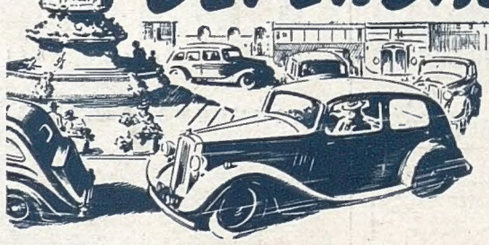

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